

A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO AN
EMINENT PAINTER.
WITH
N O T E S.

Συγγενείαν τινὰ πρὸς ποιητικὴν εἶναι ἢ τέχνην εὐροίσκεται, καὶ κοινὴ τις
ἀμφοῖν εἶναι φαντασία.

— ἃ λέγειν οἱ ποιηταὶ ἔχουσιν ταῦτα ἐν τῷ γράμματι σημαίνουσα.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum est occupata, multum ex illâ
etiam futuris relictum est.

SENEC. Epist. 33.

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

EMINENT PAINTER



N O E S

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

1851

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

IN THE

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A N
ESSAY ON PAINTING,
I N
A POETICAL EPISTLE.

TO AN EMINENT PAINTER. With Notes.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,
On the DEATH of JOHN THORNTON, Esq.

A N D
A N O D E,
Inscribed to JOHN HOWARD, Esq; F. R. S. Author of
"The State of English and Foreign Prisons."

THE SECOND EDITION.

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

PRINTED BY



J. Ford Sculp.

ESSAY ON PAINTING

A POLITICAL EPISTLE

TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

OF THE ART OF PAINTING

BY
J. J. ANTHONY
OF THE ART OF PAINTING



THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

1851

P O E M S:

CONTAINING

I. A POETICAL EPISTLE

To an EMINENT PAINTER. With Notes.

II. EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

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D U B L I N:

Printed by PAT. BYRNE, Bookseller, Stationer, &c. No. 35,
College-Green, opposite the Statue of King William.

M D C C L X X X I.

THE O. F. M. S.

CONTAINING
I. A PORTFOLIO OF
PUBLISHED LITERATURE

II. LIST OF
PUBLISHED LITERATURE



III. LIST OF
PUBLISHED LITERATURE

IV. LIST OF
PUBLISHED LITERATURE

V. LIST OF
PUBLISHED LITERATURE



FIRST PART.

B

A R G U M E N T.

An introduction to the subject—The flourishing state of Art in this country—Disadvantages attending the modern painter of portraits—Short encomium on this branch of Art, with the account of its origin in the story of the maid of Corinth. Superiority of historical painting—Some account of the Greeks who excelled in it—Its destruction, and revival in Italy—Short account of the most eminent Italian painters—Those of France and Flanders.

T O

MR. GEORGE ROMNEY.

P A R T I.

BLEST be the hour, when fav'ring gales restore
The travell'd artist to his native shore!
His mind enlighten'd, and his fancy fraught
With finest forms by ancient genius wrought;
Whose magic beauty charm'd, with spell sublime, 5
The scythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,
And mov'd the mighty leveller to spare
Models of grace so exquisitely fair.

While you, whom Painting thus inspir'd to roam,
Bring these rich stores of ripen'd judgment home; 10
While now, attending my accomplish'd friend,
Science and Taste his soften'd colours blend;
Let the fond Muse, tho' with a transient view,
The progress of her sister art pursue;
Eager in tracing from remotest time 15
The steps of Painting thro' each favour'd clime,

To praise her dearest sons, whose daring aim
Gain'd their bright stations on the heights of fame,
And mark the paths by which her partial hand
Conducts her ROMNEY to this radiant band.

20

Painting, sweet nymph! now leaves in lifeless trance
Exhausted Italy, and tinsel France,
And sees in Britain, with exulting eyes,
Her vot'ries prosper, and her glories rise.
Yet tho', my friend, thy art is thus carest,
And with the homage of the public blest,
And flourishes with growing beauty fair,
The child of Majesty's adoptive care,
The youthful artist still is doom'd to feel
Obstruction's chilling hand, that damps his zeal:
Th' imperious voice of Vanity and Pride
Bids him from Fancy's region turn aside,
And quit the magic of her scene, to trace
The vacant lines of some unmeaning face:
E'en in this work his wishes still are crost,
And all the efforts of his art are lost;
For when the canvas, with the mirror's truth,
Reflects the perfect form of age or youth,
The fond affections of the partial mind
The eye of judgment with delusion blind:

25

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35

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Each

Each mother bids him brighter tints employ,
 And give new spirit to her booby boy ;
 Nor can the painter, with his utmost art,
 Express the image in the lover's heart :
 Unconscious of the change the seasons bring, 45
 Autumnal beauty asks the rose of spring,
 And vain self-love, in every age the same,
 Will fondly urge some visionary claim,
 The luckless painter, destin'd to submit,
 Mourns the lost likeness which he once had hit, 50
 And, doom'd to groundless censure, bears alone
 The grievous load of errors not his own.

Nor is it Pride, or Folly's vain command,
 That only fetters his creative hand ;
 At Fashion's nod he copies as they pass 55
 Each quaint reflection from her crowded glass.
 The formal coat, with intersecting line,
 Mars the free graces of his fair design ;
 The towering cap he marks with like distress,
 And all the motley mass of female dress. 60
 The hoop extended with enormous size,
 The corks that like a promontory rise ;
 The stays of deadly steel, in whose embrace
 The tyrant Fashion tortures injur'd Grace.

But

But Art, despairing over shapes like these 65
 To cast an air of elegance and ease,
 Invokes kind Fancy's aid she comes to spread
 Her magic spells—the Gothic forms are fled;
 And see, to crown the painter's just desire,
 Her free positions, and her light attire! 70
 'Th' ambitious artist wishes to pursue
 This brilliant plan with more extensive view,
 And with adopted character to give
 A lasting charm to make the portrait live;
 All points of art by one nice effort gain, 75
 Delight the learned, and content the vain;
 Make history to life new value lend,*
 And in the comprehensive picture blend
 The ancient hero with the living friend. }
 Most fair device! "but, ah! what foes to sense, 80
 What broods of motley monsters rise from hence!"
 The strange pretensions of each age and sex
 These plans of fancy and of taste perplex;
 For male and female, to themselves unknown,
 Demand a character unlike their own, 85
 Till oft the painter to this quaint distress
 Prefers the awkward shapes of common dress.

* Ver. 77. See NOTE I.

Sweet girls, of mild and pensive softness, choose
 The sportive emblems of the comic Muse;
 And sprightly damsels are inclin'd to borrow 90
 The garb of penitence, and tears of sorrow:
 While awkward pride, tho' safe from war's alarms,
 Round his plump body buckles ancient arms,
 And, from an honest justice of the peace,
 Starts up at once a demi-god of Greece; 95
 Too firm of heart by ridicule to fall,
 The finish'd hero crowns his country hall,
 Ordain'd to fill, if fire his glory spare,
 The lumber-garret of his wiser heir.
 Not less absurd to flatter NERO's eyes* 100
 Arose the portrait of colossal size:
 Twice fifty feet th' enormous sheet was spread,
 To lift o'er gazing slaves the monster's head,
 When impious Folly sway'd Oppression's rod,
 And servile Rome ador'd the mimic God. 105

Think not, my friend, with supercilious air,
 I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.
 Blest be the pencil! which from death can save †
 The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave;

* Ver. 100. See NOTE II.

† Ver. 108. See NOTE III.

That youth and emulation still may gaze, 110
 On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
 And, from the force of bright example bold,
 Rival their worth, "and be what they behold."
 Blest be the pencil ! whose consoling pow'r,
 Soothing soft Friendship in her pensive hour, 115
 Dispels the cloud, with melancholy fraught,
 That absence throws upon her tender thought.
 Blest be the pencil ! whose enchantment gives
 To wounded Love the food on which he lives.
 Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear 120
 The youth to exile from his faithful fair,
 He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,
 Still owns her present, and still hears her speak :
 Oh ! Love, it was thy glory to impart
 Its infant being to this magic art ! 125
 Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian maid,*
 Her graceful lover's sleeping form portray'd :
 Her boding heart his near departure knew,
 Yet long'd to keep his image in her view :
 Pleas'd she beheld the steady shadow fall, 130
 By the clear lamp upon the even wall :
 The line she trac'd with fond precision true,
 And, drawing, doated on the form she drew :

* Ver. 126. See NOTE IV.

Nor, as she glow'd with no forbidden fire,
 Conceal'd the simple picture from her fire; 135
 His kindred fancy, still to nature just,
 Copied her line, and form'd the mimic bust.
 Thus from thy power, inspiring LOVE, we trace
 The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face!

We pity Genius, when by interest led, 140
 His toils but reach the semblance of a head;
 Yet are those censures too severe and vain,
 That scorn the Portrait as the painter's bane.
 Tho' up the mountain winds the arduous road,
 That leads to pure Perfection's bright abode, 145
 In humbler walks some tempting laurels grow,
 Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below:
 Youth on the plain collects increasing force,
 To climb the steep in his meridian course.
 While Nature sees her living models share 150
 The rising artist's unremitting care,
 She on his mind her every charm imprints,
 Her easy postures, and her perfect tints,
 Till his quick pencil, in maturer hour,
 Becomes her rival in creative power, 155

Yet in these paths disdain a long delay,
 While eager Genius points a nobler way:

For

For see ! expanding to thy raptur'd gaze,
 The epic field a brighter scene displays !
 Here stands the temple, where, to merit true, 160
 Fame gives her laurel to the favour'd few :
 Whose minds, illumin'd with celestial fire,
 Direct the pencil, or awake the lyre ;
 Who trace the springs of nature to their source,
 And by her guidance, with resistless force, 165
 The tides of terror and of transport roll,
 Thro' every channel of the human soul !

How few, my friend, tho' millions boast the aim,
 Leave in this temple an unclouded name !
 Vain the attempt, in every age and clime, 170
 Without the slow conductors toil and time ;
 Without that secret, soul-impelling power,
 Infus'd by genius in the natal hour ;
 And vain with these, if bright occasion's ray
 Fail to illuminate the doubtful way. 175

The elders of thy art, ordain'd to stand
 In the first circle of this honour'd band,
 (Whose pencil, striving for the noblest praise,
 The heart to soften and the mind to raise,
 Gave life and manners to the finish'd piece) 180
 These sons of glory were the sons of GREECE !

Hail !

Hail ! throne of genius, hail ! what mighty hand
 Form'd the bright offspring of this famous land ?
 First in the annals of the world they shine :
 Such gifts, O LIBERTY, are only thine ; 185
 Thy vital fires thro' kindling spirits run,
 Thou soul of life, thou intellectual sun ;
 Thy rays call forth, profuse and unconfin'd,
 The richest produce of the human mind.
 First taught by thee, the Grecian pencil wrought 190
 The forceful lessons of exalted thought,
 And generously gave, at glory's call,
 The patriot picture to the public hall.

'Twas then PANÆUS drew, with freedom's train,*
 The chief of Marathon's immortal plain, 195
 In glorious triumph o'er the mighty host
 That Persia pour'd in torrents on their coast.

There POLYGNOTUS, scorning servile hire,†
 Display'd th' embattled scene from HOMER's lyre.
 His country view'd the gift with fond regard, 200
 And rank'd the painter with their noblest bard.

* Ver. 194. See NOTE V.

† Ver. 198. See NOTE VI.

Thy tragic pencil, ARISTIDES, caught*
 Each varied feeling, and each tender thought,
 While moral virtue sanctified thy art,
 And passion gave it empire o'er the heart. 205

Correct Parrhasius first to rich design†
 Gave nice proportion, and the melting line,
 Whose soft extremes from observation fly,
 And with ideal distance cheat the eye.

The gay, the warm, licentious ZEUXIS drew,‡ 210
 Voluptuous Beauty in her richest hue:
 Bade in one form her scatter'd rays unite,
 And charm'd the view with their collected light.

But Grace consign'd, while her fair works he plann'd,
 Her softest pencil to APELLES' hand: 215
 Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove, ||
 Such strong expression mark'd his mimic JOVE;
 Inimitably great he seem'd to tower,
 And pass the limits of the pencil's power,

* Ver. 202. See NOTE VII.

† Ver. 206. See NOTE VIII.

‡ Ver. 210. See NOTE IX.

|| Ver. 216. See NOTE X.

Ye sons of art, tho' on the gulph of years, 220
 No floating relic of your toil appears,
 Yet glory shews, in every cultur'd clime,
 Your names still radiant thro' the clouds of time.

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor
 Each work that call'd thee from thy sphere of war: 225
 By freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine,
 The powers of eloquence and verse were thine,
 While chilling damps upon the pencil hung,*
 Where TULLY thunder'd, and where VIRGIL sung,
 Yet Grecian artists had the splindled fate, 230
 To triumph o'er the Romans' scornful hate.
 Their matchless works Profusion toil'd to buy,
 Their wonders glitter'd in the public eye,
 Till ROME's terrific pomp, and letter'd pride,
 Were sunk in Desolation's whelming tide. 235

Oh! lovely painting! long thy cheering light
 Was lost and buried in barbaric night;
 The furious rage of Anarchy effac'd
 Each hallow'd character thy hand had trac'd,
 And Ign'rance, mutt'ring in her monkish cell, 240
 Bound thy free soul in her lethargic spell.

* Ver. 228. See NOTE XL.

At length from this long trance thy spirit rose,
 In that sweet vale where silver Arno flows;
 There studious VINCI treasur'd every rule,*
 To form the basis of a rising school: 245
 Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fate to shine,
 The herald of a master more divine.

Inflam'd by Genius with sublimest rage,
 By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age,
 In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought 250
 Gigantic ANGELO his wonders wrought; †
 And high, by native strength of spirit rais'd,
 The mighty HOMER of the pencil blaz'd.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on RAPHAEL smil'd, ‡
 Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child: 255
 Truth, passion, character, his constant aim,
 Both in the human and the heavenly frame,
 Th' enchanting painter rules the willing heart;
 And shines the finish'd VIRGIL of his art.

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd, § 260
 Reach'd not the summit, where his master reign'd;

* Ver. 244. See NOTE XII.

† Ver. 251. See NOTE XIII.

‡ Ver. 254. See NOTE XIV.

§ Ver. 260. See NOTE XV.

Yet to no common heights of epic fame,
 True Genius guided his adventurous aim.
 Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard,
 Caught not the spirit of the Mantuan bard: 265
 Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,
 And kindred talents his bold verse inspir'd.

More richly warm, the glowing TITIAN knew *
 To blend with Nature's truth the living hue:
 O! had sublime design his colours crown'd! 270
 Then had the world a finish'd painter found:
 With powers to seize the highest branch of art,
 He fix'd too fondly on an humbler part;
 Yet this low object of his partial care
 Grew from his toil so exquisitely fair, 275
 That dazzled judgment, with suspended voice,
 Fears to condemn the error of his choice.
 Thus pleas'd a flowery valley to explore,
 Whence never Poet cull'd a wreath before, †
 LUCRETIVS chose the epic crown to lose 280
 For the bright chaplets of an humbler muse.

* Ver. 268. See NOTE XVI.

† Unde prius nulli velarunt Tempora Musæ.

Lucretius, Lib. iv. Ver. 5

Soft

Soft as CATULLUS, sweet CORREGIO play'd *
 With all the magic charms of light and shade.
 Tho' PARMA claim it for her rival son, †
 The praise of sweetest grace thy pencil won : 285
 Unhappy genius ! tho' of skill divine,
 Unjust neglect, and penury were thine.
 Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,
 Afflicted Art oppress'd with wrongs decay'd,
 Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came, ‡ 290
 And raising her weak powers and sinking frame,
 Reclaim'd the pencil of misguided youth,
 From Affectation's glare to tints of modest Truth.
 They form'd the Pencil, to whose infant fame
 Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name : § 295
 Profoundly skill'd his figures to dispose,
 The learned LANFRANC in their school arose, ||
 And, train'd to glory, by their forming care,
 The tender GUIDO caught his graceful air. ¶

Oh ! gen'rous ITALY, thy genial earth 300
 Unnumber'd artists bore of splendid worth !

* Ver. 282. See NOTE XVII.

† Ver. 284. See NOTE XVIII.

‡ Ver. 290. See NOTE XIX.

§ Ver. 295. See NOTE XX.

|| Ver. 297. See NOTE XXI.

¶ Ver. 299. See NOTE XXII.

And rais'd amidst them, in thy golden days;
No mean historian to record their praise.*

On Thee, whom Art, thy patroness and pride,
Taught both the pencil and the pen to guide; 305
Whose generous zeal and modest truth have known
To blazon others' skill, not boast thy own;
On Thee, VASARI, let my verse bestow
That just applause, so freely seen to flow
From thy ingenuous heart and liberal hand, 310
To each great artist of thy native land!
Tho' many shine in thy elaborate page,
And more have risen since thy distant age,
Their various talents, and their different fame,
The Muse, unskilful, must decline to name, 315
Left in the nice attempt her judgment fail,
To poise their merits in Precision's scale.

E'en public Taste, by no determin'd rule;
Has class'd the merit of each nobler school:
To ROME and FLORENCE, in expression strong, 320
The highest honours of Design belong;
On her pure Style see mild BOLOGNA claim†
Her fairest right to secondary fame;

* Ver. 303. See NOTE XXIII.

† Ver. 322. See NOTE XXIV.

Tho' prouder VENICE would usurp that praise,
 Upon the splendid force of TITIAN's golden rays.* 325
 But ill they know the value of their art,
 Who, flattering the eye, neglect the heart.
 Tho' matchless tints a lasting name secure,
 Tho' strong the magic of the clear-obscure,
 These must submit, as a dependant part, 330
 To pure Design, the very soul of Art;
 Or Fame, misguided, must invert her course,
 And RAPHAEL's Grace must yield to REMBRANDT's
 Force; †
 Fancy's bold thought to Labour's patient touch,
 And Rome's exalted genius to the Dutch. 335
 Yet HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raise ‡
 A perfect title to peculiar praise:
 Thy hum'rous pencil shuns the epic field,
 The blazing falchion, and the sanguine shield;
 But hap'ly marks the group of rural Mirth, 340
 In social circle round the chearful hearth,
 And rustic Joy, from busy cares releas'd,
 To the gay gambols of the village feast:

* Ver. 325. See NOTE XXV.

† Ver. 333. See NOTE XXVI.

‡ Ver. 336. See NOTE XXVII.

While Nature smiles her very faults to view,
 Trac'd with a skill exquisitely true. 345
 These faults, O REMBRANDT, 'twas thy praise to hide!
 New pow'rs of ART thy fertile mind supplied;
 With dazzling force thy gorgeous colouring glows,
 And o'er each scene an air of grandeur throws:
 The meanest Figures dignity assume, 350
 From thy contrasted light, and magic gloom.
 These strong illusions are supremely thine,
 And laugh at Imitation's vague design:
 So near to blemishes thy beauties run,
 Those who affect thy splendor are undone: 355
 While thy rash rivals, loose and incorrect,
 Miscall their shadowy want of truth *Effect*,
 And into paths of affectation start:
 Neglect of Nature is the bane of Art.
 Proud of the praise by RUBENS' pencil won,* 360
 Let FLANDERS boast her bold inventive son!
 Whose glowing hues magnificently shine
 With warmth congenial to his rich design:
 And him, her second pride, whose milder care,
 From living beauty caught its loveliest air! 365
 Who truth of character with grace combin'd,
 And in the speaking feature mark'd the mind,

* Ver. 360. See NOTE XXV. ll.

Her soft VANDYKE, while graceful portraits please,*
 Shall reign the model of unrivall'd ease.
 Painting shall tell, with many a grateful thought, 370
 From FLANDERS first the secret pow'r she caught,†
 To grace and guard the offspring of her toil,
 With all the virtues of enduring oil;
 Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views,
 (Where sumptuous LEO courted every Muse,‡ 375
 And lovely Science grew the public care)
 She fixt the glories of her empire there;
 There in her zenith soon she ceas'd to shine,
 And dated, passing her meridian line,
 From the CARACCI's death her period of decline. 380 }

Her sinking beams, from ITALY withdrawn,
 On colder FRANCE with transient lustre dawn:
 Where, in the arms of Roman Science nurs'd,
 In every work of ancient genius vers'd,
 The sage POUSSIN, with purest fancy fraught, § 385
 Portray'd the classic scene, as Learning taught:
 But Nature, jealous of her sacred right,
 And piqu'd that his idolatry should slight

* Ver. 368. See NOTE XXIX.

† Ver. 371. See NOTE XXX.

‡ Ver. 375. See NOTE XXXI.

§ Ver. 385. See NOTE XXXII.

Her glowing graces, and her living air,
 To worship marble with a fonder care, 390
 Denied his pencil, in its mimic strife,
 The bloom of beauty, and the warmth of life.

Then rose LE BRUN, his scholar, and his friend,*
 More justly skill'd the vivid tints to blend;
 Tho' with exalted spirit he present 395
 The generous victor in the suppliant tent,
 Too oft the genius of his gaudy clime
 Misled his pencil from the pure sublime,

Thy dawn, LE SUEUR, announc'd a happier taste, †
 With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaste: 400
 But Art, who gloried in thy rising bloom,
 Shed fruitless tears upon thy earthly tomb,

These lights withdrawn, Confusion and Misrule
 Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic school:
 Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian song, ‡ 405
 The laws and limits that to Art belong;
 In vain he strives, with Attic judgment chaste,
 To crush the monsters of corrupted taste:

* Ver. 393. See NOTE XXXIII.

† Ver. 399. See NOTE XXXIV.

‡ Ver. 405. See NOTE XXXV.

With ineffectual fire the poet sings,
 Prolific still the wounded Hydra springs: 410
 Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,
 And faints, convulsive, o'er the chapel sprawl,
 Bombast is Grandeur, Affectation Grace,
 Beauty's soft smile is turn'd to pert grimace;
 Loaded with dress, supremely fine advance 415
 Old HOMER's heroes, with the airs of FRANCE,
 Indignant Art disclaim'd the motley crew,
 Resign'd their empire, and to BRITAIN flew,

END OF THE FIRST PART.

A B C U M E N T

THE

SECOND PART.

A R G U M E N T.

The rise of painting in England, and the reasons for its happening so late—The rapidity of its improvement—A slight sketch of the most eminent living artists in England.—The author's wish to see his friend among the first of that number—His reasons for hoping it.—The reputation of a painter in some degree owing to a happy choice of subjects—A few recommended from national events—and from Milton and Shakespeare—Conclusion—Author's wishes for his friend's success.

P A R T II.

INGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raise
 To the pure summits of unclouded praise;
 Whom art has chosen, with successful hand,
 To spread her empire o'er this honour'd land;
 Thy Progress Friendship with delight surveys, 5
 And this pure Homage to thy Goddess pays.
 Hail! heavenly Visitant! whose cheering powers
 E'en to the happy give still happier Hours!
 O! next to Freedom, and the Muse, design'd
 To raise, ennoble, and adorn mankind! 10
 At length we view thee in this favor'd Isle,
 That greets thy Presence, and deserves thy Smile:
 This favor'd Isle, in native Freedom bold,
 And rich in Spirit as thy Greeks of old,

'Tho' foreign Theorists, with System blind,* 15
 Prescribe false limits to the British mind,

* Ver. 15. See NOTE XXXVI.

And

And, warp'd by Vanity, presume to hold,
 Our northern Genius dark, confin'd, and cold:
 Painting, sweet Nymph, unconscious of their chain,
 In this fair Island forms her new Domain, 20
 And freely gives to BRITAIN's eager view
 Those charms which once her fav'rite ATHENS knew.

'Tis true, when Painting, on ITALIA's shore,
 Display'd those Graces, which all Realms adore,
 No kindred forms of English growth appear; 25
 Age after age the hapless Pencil here
 Dropt unsuccessful from the Native's hand,
 And fail'd to decorate this darker Land.
 But freely let impartial History say,
 Why Art on BRITAIN shone with later ray. 30

When on this Isle, the Gothic clouds withdrawn,
 The distant light of Painting seem'd to dawn,
 Fierce HARRY reign'd, who, soon with pleasure cloy'd,*
 Now lov'd, now scorn'd, now worship'd, now destroy'd.
 Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art! he priz'd, 35
 Now sought to crown thee, now thy death devis'd:
 Now strove to fix with liberal support,
 Thy darling RAPHAEL in his sumptuous Court;

* Ver. 33. See NOTE XXXVII.

Now o'er the hallow'd shrines, thy hand had grac'd,
 "Cried havock, and let slip the Dogs of Waste." 40
 When timid Art saw ruin his delight,
 She fled in terror from the Tyrant's fight.

The Virgin Queen, whom dazzled eyes admire,
 The subtle Child of this imperious Sire,
 Untaught the moral force of Art to feel,* 45
 Proscrib'd it as the slave of bigot Zeal,
 Or doom'd it, throwing nobler works aside,
 To drudge in flatt'ring her fantastic Pride:
 And hence the Epic pencil in the shade
 Of blank neglect, and cold obstruction laid, 50
 E'en while the Fairy-sprite, and Muse of fire,
 Hung high in Glory's hall the English lyre.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,
 (His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit)
 Whatever works he patroniz'd debas'd, 55
 But haply left the Pencil undisgrac'd.

With fairer mind arose his nobler Son,
 Seduc'd by Parasites, by Priests undone:

* Ver. 45. See NOTE XXXVIII.

Unhappy CHARLES! oh! had thy feeling heart
 But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art! 60
 To merit just, thy bounty flow'd alike
 On bolder RUBENS, and the soft VANDYKE:
 To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought
 The sacred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought,
 But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind, 65
 Cut off the promise of thy cultur'd mind,
 By wounded Liberty's convulsive hand
 Unbound, fierce Anarchy usurps the Land;
 While trembling Art to foreign regions flies,
 To seek a refuge in serener skies. 70

These storms subsiding, see her once again,
 Returning in the second CHARLES's train!
 She comes to copy, in licentious sport,
 The Minions of a loose luxurious Court;
 From whence the modest Graces turn their eyes, 75
 Where Genius sees, and o'er the prospect sighs,
 LELY's soft Tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,
 Made the mean Slaves of dissolute Desire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar,
 The sweet Enchantress quits the troubled Shore; 80
 While sacred Freedom, darting in disdain
 Her vengeful Thunder on th' apostate Train,

And,

And, pleas'd the gloomy Tyrant to disown,
Gives to NAUSSAU the abdicated Throne.

The peaceful Prince may rising Art defend, 85
And Art shall crown her Patron and her Friend.

In tumults, from the cradle to the grave,
'Tis thine, O! WILLIAM, sinking realms to save.

To thee no leisure mightier cares allow,
To bind the laurel on the Artist's brow: 90

'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,
The base of Freedom, on which Art must stand.

Yet to thy Palace KNELLER's skill supplied *
Its richest ornament in Beauty's pride.

Unhappy KNELLER! covetous though vain; 95
Thee glory yielded to seducing Gain:

While partial Taste from modest RILEY turn'd, †
By diffidence depriv'd of praise well earn'd.

Tho' in succeeding years the Muses taught,
"How ANN commanded, and how MARLBRO' faught;"
And THORNHILL's blaze of Allegory gilt ‡
The piles, that WREN's superior genius built;

* Ver. 93. See NOTE XXXIX.

† Ver. 97. See NOTE XL.

‡ Ver. 101. See NOTE XLL

Contending Factions, in her closing reign,
 Like winds imprison'd, shook fair Freedom's Fane.
 Painting, soft timid Nymph, still chose to roam, 105
 And fear'd to settle in this shaking Dome.

At length, the fury of each storm o'erblown,
 That threatened BRUNSWICK'S race on BRITAIN'S
 throne,
 Rebellion vanquish'd on her native shore,
 Her clans extinguish'd and her chiefs no more : 110
 The Youthful Noble, on a princely Plan,
 Encourag'd infant Art, and first began*
 Before the studious eye of Youth to place
 The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain,
 O'er FRANCE, supported by imperious SPAIN,
 And fated with her Laurels' large increase,
 Began to cultivate the plants of Peace;
 Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,
 Painting, no more an alien in our land, 120
 First smil'd to see, on this propitious ground,
 Her Temples open'd and her Altars crown'd:
 And Grace, the first attendant of her train,
 She, whom APOLLO wooed, nor wooed in vain,

* Ver. 112. See NOTE XLII.

To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line, 125
 And Judgment doats upon his chaste design.
 Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen,
 What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect scene,
 With glee she marks them on her canker'd scroll,
 Malicious Fiend! 'twas thus that VIRGIL stole, 130
 To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloss,
 Or turn'd to purest Gold the foreign Dross.
 Excelling Artist! long delight the eye!
 Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly,*
 BRITAIN shall then her own APELLES see, 135
 And all the Grecian shall revive in thee.
 Thy manly spirit glories to impart
 The leading Principles of lib'ral Art; †
 To youthful Genius points what course to run,
 What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to shun: 140
 So ORPHEUS taught, by Learning's heavenly sway,
 To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
 And mark'd to guide them in their bold Career,
 Th' unerring Glories of the starry Sphere.
 Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught, 145
 And gives new lessons of exalted taught;

* Ver. 134. See NOTE XLIII.

† Ver. 138. See NOTE XLIV.

Thy nervous Pencil on the canvass throws
 The tragic story of sublimest woes:
 The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tear,
 The Parent petrified with blank Despair, 150
 Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to thrill,*
 With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

The offspring now of many a rival hand,
 Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land;
 Tho' but some few years past, this barren coast 155
 Scarce one fair grain of native Art could boast.
 Of various form, where'er we turn our eyes,
 With strong and rapid growth new wonders rise,
 Like seeds that Mariners, with generous toil,
 Have wisely carried to some kindred soil, 160
 Which, shooting quick and vig'rous in their birth,
 Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth:
 The Land o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to see
 Adopts, with glad surprize, the alien Tree.
 Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay,† 165
 And BRITIAN glories in her rich display;
 Merit, who unassisted, and unknown,
 Late o'er his unseen labours sigh'd alone,

* Ver. 151. See NOTE XLV.

† Ver. 165. See NOTE XLVI.

Sees honour now his happier toils attend,
And in the generous Public finds a friend. 179

O lovely Painting, to whose charms I bow,
"And breathe my willing verse with suppliant vow,"
Forgive me, if by undiscerning Praise,
Or groundless censure, which false Judgment sways,
My failing line with faint resemblance wrong 175
Thy Sons, the subject of no envious song!

Supremely skill'd the varied group to place,
And range the crowded scene with easy grace;
To finish parts, yet not impair the whole,
But on th' impassion'd action fix the soul; 180
Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,
The shame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride;
Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,
Give the bright lesson of heroic Death.
Such are thy Merits, WEST: by Virtue's hand 185
Built on the human heart thy praise shall stand,
While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane,
The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.

To DANCE's pencil, in Precision strong,
Transcendent Force, and Truth of Line belong. 190
Not GARRICK's self, to SHAKESPEARE's spirit true,
Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,

D

Than

Than DANCE expresses, in its fiercest flame,
 The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.
 From GARRICK's features, with distraction fraught, 195
 He copies every trace of troubled thought;
 And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll,
 The Storm of sanguinary RICHARD's soul.

The rapid MORTIMER, in Fancy strong,
 Marks the just horrors that to Vice belong; 200
 The murd'rous Ruffian, in the Dungeon's gloom,
 Stung with remorse, and shudd'ring at his doom.
 Yet still to nobler heights his Genius springs,
 And paints a lesson to tyrannic Kings:
 In his bright colour see the field appear 205
 To Freedom sacred, and to Glory dear,
 Where JOHN, proud Monarch, baffled on his throne,
 Hears the brave Chief his lawless pow'r disown,
 And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim
 The glorious CHARTER of immortal Fame! 210

But see far off the modest WRIGHT retire!
 Alone he rules his Element of Fire:
 Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night,
 His sparkles flash upon the dazzled sight;
 Our eyes with momentary anguish smart, 215
 And Nature trembles at the power of Art.

May

May thy bold colours, claiming endless praise,
 For ages shine with undiminish'd blaze,
 And when the fierce VESUVIO burns no more,
 May his red deluge down thy canvas pour! 220

Art with no common gifts her GAINSB'ROUGH grac'd,
 Two different Pencils in his hand she plac'd;
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim,
 A perfect Semblance of the human Frame;
 This, lightly sporting on the village-green, 225
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural Scene.
 In Storms sublime the daring WILSON soars,
 And on the blasted Oak his mimic Lightning pours:
 APOLLO triumphs in his flaming skies,
 And classic Beauties in his scenes arise. 230

Thy Graces HUMPHREYS, and thy Colours clear,
 From Miniature's small circle disappear:
 May their distinguish'd Merit still prevail,
 And shine with lustre on the larger Scale.

Let candid Justice our attention lead, 235
 To the soft Crayon of the graceful READ:
 Nor GARD'NER, shall the Muse, in haste, forget
 Thy Taste and Ease; tho' with a fond Regret

She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r she notes,
 A Sigh of Homage to the shade of COATES. 240
 Nor, if her favour'd hand may hope to shed
 The flowers of glory o'er the skillful dead,
 Thy Talents, HOGARTH! will she leave unfung;*
 Charm of all eyes, and Theme of every tongue!
 A separate province 'twas thy praise to rule; 245
 Self-form'd thy Pencil! yet thy works a School,
 Where strongly painted, in gradations nice,
 The Pomp of Folly, and the Shame of Vice,
 Reach'd thro' the laughing Eye the mended Mind,
 And moral Humour sportive Art refin'd. 250
 While fleeting Manners, as minutely shewn
 As the clear prospect on the mirror thrown;
 While Truth of Character, exactly hit,
 And drest in all the dyes of comic wit;
 While these, in FIELDING's page, delight supply, 255
 So long the Pencil with his Pen shall vie.
 Science with grief beheld thy drooping age
 Fall the sad victim of a Poet's rage:
 But Wit's vindictive spleen, that mocks controul,
 Nature's high tax on luxury of soul! 260
 This, both in Bards and Painters, Fame forgives;
 Their Frailty's buried, but their Genius lives.

* Ver. 243. See NOTE XLVII.

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name,
 Appears the tribute of applause to claim;
 Some alien Artists, more of English Race, 265
 With fair ANGELICA our foreign Grace,
 Who paints, with Energy and Softness join'd,
 The fond Emotions of the female Mind;
 And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves surround,
 And sportive Nymphs in Beauty's Cestus bound: 270
 For him those Nymphs their every Charm display,
 For him coy VENUS throws her veil away.
 And ZAFFANI, whose faithful colours give
 The transient glories of the Stage to live;
 On his bright canvas each dramatic Muse 275
 A perfect copy of her scene reviews;
 Each, while those scenes her lost delight restore,
 Almost forgets her GARRICK is no more.—
 O'er these I pass reluctant, lest too long
 The Muse diffusely spin a tedious Song. 280

Yet one short pause, ye Pow'rs of Verse allow
 To cull a Myrtle Leaf for MEYERS's Brow!
 Tho' small its Field, thy Pencil may presume
 To ask a wreath where flowers immortal bloom.
 As Nature's self, in all her pictures fair, 285
 Colours her Insect works with nicest care,

Nor

Nor better forms to please the curious eye,
 The spotted Leopard than the gilded Fly;
 So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow space,
 Pours the full portion of uninjur'd Grace, 290
 And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,
 Boast not an Air more exquisite than thine.
 Soft Beauty's charms thy happiest works express,
 Beauty thy model and thy Patroness.
 For her thy care has to perfection brought 295
 Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught;
 Thy colour'd Crystal, at her fond desire,
 Draws deathless Lustre from the dang'rous Fire,
 And, pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm.
 She binds thy Bracelet on her snowy arm, 300

While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,
 These Lights of Art that gild the British sky
 Oh! may my Friend arise, with lustre clear,
 And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.
 This wish, my ROMNEY, from the purest source, 305
 Has Reason's Warrant, join'd to Friendship's Force,
 For Genius breath'd into thy infant Frame
 The vital Spirit of his sacred Flame,
 Which frequent mists of Diffidence o'ercloud,
 Proving the vigour of the Sun they shroud. 310
 Nature

Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,
 Which forms the Artist of the noblest kind;
 That fond Ambition, which bestows on Art
 Each talent of the Mind, and passion of the Heart;
 That dauntless Patience, which all toil defies, 315
 Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.
 Enlight'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,
 From these fair feeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r;
 Thy just, thy graceful Portraits charm the view,
 With every tender tint that TITIAN knew. 320
 Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,
 With what terrific pomp thy Spectres rise!
 What lust of mischief marks thy Witch's form,
 While on the LAPLAND Rock she swells the storm!
 'Tho' led by Fancy thro' her boundless reign, 325
 Well dost thou know to quit her wild domain,
 When History bids thee paint, severely chaste,
 Her simpler scene, with uncorrupted taste.
 While in these fields thy judging eyes explore,
 What spot untried may yield its secret ore, 330
 Thy happy Genius springs a virgin Mine.
 Of copious, pure, original Design;
 Truth gives it value, and, distinctly bold,
 The stamp of Character compleats thy Gold.
 Thy Figures rise in Beauty's noblest scale, 335
 Sublimely telling their heroic Tale;
 Still

Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,
 And Time revere them with unrivall'd praise.
 May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,
 So justly daring, with a soul so free, 340
 Each separate Province to thy care commend,
 And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend:
 May tender TITIAN's mellow Softness join,
 With mighty ANGELO's sublimer Line;
 CORREGIO's Grace with RAPHAEL's Tasse unite, 345
 And in thy perfect Works inchant the ravish'd Sight.

How oft we find that when, with noblest aim,
 The glowing Artist gains the heights of Fame,
 To the well-chosen Theme he chiefly owes,
 That praise which Judgment with delight bestows. 350
 The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confess,
 The happy Subject forms their full success.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when wisely taught
 To trace with ease the deepest lines of thought,
 By hapless Fortune he is doom'd to rove 355
 Thro' all the frolicks of licentious JOVE,
 That some dark PHILIP, phlegmatic, and cold,*
 (Whose needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold)

* Ver. 357. See NOTE XLVIII.

May with voluptuous Images enflame
The fated Passions of his languid frame. 360

Abuse like this awakens generous Pain,
And just Derision mingles with Disdain,
When such a Pencil in a Roman hand,
While the rich Abbess issues her command,
Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvas sprawl, 365
That some warm Nun in mimic Trance may fall,
Or, fondly gazing on the pious whim,
Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb,
Mistaking, in the cloister's dull embrace,
The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace. 370

But see th' historic Muse before thee stand,
Her nobler subjects court thy happier Hand!
Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth,
Of public Virtue, and of private Truth:
The sacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms, 375
And Freedom, fierce in adamantine Arms;
Whence Sympathy, thro' thy assisting art,
With floods of Joy may fill the human heart.

But while the bounds of Hist'ry you explore,
And bring new Treasures from her farthest shore, 380
Thro'

Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,
 Still make Simplicity thy constant guide:
 And most, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware,
 Ah! shun insidious Allegory's snare!
 Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath, 385
 Fair to the eye, but poisons lurk beneath,
 By which, too lightly tempted from his guard,
 Full many a Painter dies, and many a Bard.
 How sweet her voice, how dang'rous her spell,
 Let SPENSER's Knights, and RUBENS' Tritons tell; 390
 Judgment at colour'd riddles shakes his head,
 And fairy Songs are prais'd, but little read;
 Where, in the Maze of her unbounded Sphere,
 Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superstition's tyrant sway 395
 "Takes half the vigour of the soul away,"
 Let Art for subjects the dark Legend search,
 Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church;
 Let Painters run the wilds of OVID o'er,
 To hunt for monsters which we heed no more. 400
 But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's wings,
 The towering Spirit to Perfection springs;
 Where Genius, proud to act as heav'n inspires,
 On Taste's pure Altars lights his sacred Fires;

Oh!

Oh! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE, 405
 With patriot passions warm the finish'd piece;
 Set BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous Race,
 Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace,
 Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore,
 Some just memorials of the line she bore, 410
 In tints immortal to her view recall
 Her dearest Offspring on the storied Wall.

But some there are, who with pedantic scorn,
 Despise the Hero, if in BRITAIN born:
 For them Perfection has herself no charms, 415
 Without a Roman robe, or Grecian arms:
 Our slighted Country, for whose Fame they feel
 No generous Interest, no manly Zeal,
 Sees public Judgment their false Taste arraign,
 And treat their cold contempt with due disdain; 420
 To the fair Annals of our Isle we trust,
 To prove this patriot indignation just,
 And, nobly partial to our native earth,
 Bid English Pencils honour English Worth.*

Forgive the Muse, if haply she commend 425
 A theme ill-chosen to her skilful Friend;

* Ver. 424. See NOTE XLIX.

She

She, tho' its pow'r commands her willing heart,
 Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,
 Yet boldly owns an eager wish to see
 Her darling Images adorn'd by thee.

430

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour,
 Of Gallic Chivalry the fairest Flow'r,
 Shall his pure Blood in British colours flow,
 And BRITAIN, on her canvas fail to shew
 Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer,* 435
 SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,
 O'er whose pale corse heroic Worth should bend,
 And mild Humanity embalm her Friend!
 Oh! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find
 A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind; 440
 Methinks I see thy rapid Hand display
 The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,
 When arm'd for freedom, 'gainst the guilt of SPAIN,
 The Hero bled upon the Belgic plain!
 In that great moment thou hast caught the Chief, 445
 When pitying Friends supply the wish'd relief,
 While Sickness, Pain, and Thirst his pow'r subdue,
 I see the draught he pants for in his view:
 Near him the Soldier that expiring lies,
 This precious Water views with ghastly eyes, 450

* Ver. 435. See NOTE L.

With

With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,
 With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirst:
 I see the Hero give, oh! generous Care!
 430 The Cup untasted to this silent Pray'r;
 I hear him say, with Tendernefs divine, 455
 " Thy strong Necessity surpasses mine."

Shall Roman Charity for ever share
 Thro' every various School each Painter's Care?
 435 And BRITAIN still her bright examples hide
 Of female Glory, and of filial Pride? 460
 Instruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore
 Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE,*
 Resolv'd to save, or in th' attempt expire,
 440 The precious relicks of her marty'd Sire:
 Before the cruel Council let her stand, 465
 Press the dear ghastly Head with pitying Hand,
 And Plead, while Bigotry itself grows mild,
 The sacred duties of a grateful Child.

Oh! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid,
 The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil sway'd, 470
 Who join'd their rival Powers with fond delight,
 To grace each other with reflected Light,

* Ver. 462. See NOTE LI.

Let them in BRITAIN thus united reign,
 And double lustre from that union gain !
 Not that my Verse, adventurous, would pretend 475
 To point each varied subject to my Friend ;
 Far nobler guides their better aid supply :
 When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye
 Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round
 Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound, 480
 And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
 Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight.
 This chief Inchanter of the willing breast,
 Will teach thee all the magic he possess.
 Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true 485
 Each brilliant Being that he calls to view :
 Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
 His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite,
 Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design,
 The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine. 490

Let MILTON's self, conductor of thy way,
 Lead thy congenial spirit to portray
 In colours, like his Verse, sublimely strong,
 The scenes that blaze in his immortal song.

See MICHAEL drawn, by many a skilful Hand, 495
 As suits the Leader of the Seraph-Band !

But

But oh! how poor the prostrate SATAN lies,*
 With bestial form debas'd and goatish eyes!
 475 How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate,
 Fearless tho' fall'n, and in Ruin great! 500
 Let thy bold Pencil, more sublimely true,
 Present his Arch Apostate to our view,
 In worthier Semblance of infernal Pow'r,
 480 And proudly standing like a stately tow'r,
 While his infernal mandate bids awake 505
 His Legions, slumbering on the burning Lake.

Or paint him falling from the Realms of Bliss,
 485 Hurl'd in Combustion to the deep Abyss!
 In light terrific let the Flash display
 His Pride, still proof against almighty Sway: 510
 Tho' vanquish'd, yet immortal, let his Eye
 The Lightning's flame, the Thunder's bolt defy,
 490 And still, with Looks of Execration, dare
 To face the Horrors of the last Despair.

To these great Lords of Fancy's wide domain, 515
 That o'er the human Soul unquestion'd reign,
 To their superior Guidance be consign'd
 Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.

* Ver. 497. See NOTE LII.

Yet O! let Friendship, ere the Verse she close,
 Which in just Tribute to thy Merit flows, 520
 The sanguine wishes of her heart express,
 With fond presages of thy full Success.

May Health and Joy, in happiest union join'd,
 Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind!
 To noblest Efforts raise thy glowing Heart, 525
 And string thy sinews to the toils of Art!
 May Independance, bursting Fashion's chain,
 To eager Genius give the flowing rein,
 And o'er thy epic Canvas smile to see
 Thy Judgment active, and thy Fancy free! 530
 May thy just Country, while thy bold design
 Recalls the Heroes of her ancient Line,
 Gaze on the martial Group with dear delight!
 May Youth and Valour, kindling at the sight,
 O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean, 535
 And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene!
 May Time himself a fond reluctance feel,
 Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil steal,
 But grant it still to gain increasing Praise,
 In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days, 540
 While fairest Fortune thy long Life endears,
 With RAPHAEL'S Glory join'd to TITIAN'S Years!

End of the Epistle to an Eminent Painter.

NOTES

N O T E S

ON THE

F I R S T P A R T.

AS there may possibly be some Readers of the foregoing Performance, who may wish to look into the sources from whence the Author has borrowed some of his ideas, he has thrown together the subsequent Notes, and disjoined them from the body of the Work, as they are intended only for the perusal of those who have leisure and disposition for such kind of reading.

NOTE I. VERSE 77.

MAKE history to life new value lend.] One of the most elegant writers of the present age, has made an ingenious effort to introduce History into the dull province of portrait-painting, "by representing a whole family in a single picture, under some interesting historical subject suitable to their rank and character." See Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 6. But as the beauties and advantages of this plan struck forcibly on the imagination of this amiable Author, the infinite difficulties attending its execution were likewise fully open to his discernment. The success must depend on the choice of subject: where that

E

is

is not very happily adapted, the picture will probably contain some most ridiculous absurdities—Perhaps the Reader may recollect an unfortunate instance or two of this kind.

NOTE II. VERSE 100.

Not less absurd to flatter Nero's eyes.] Pliny furnishes us with this singular anecdote, as an instance of the extravagant abuse of Portrait-painting in his days, which, as he informs us, had arrived to a degree of madness. "Nero had ordered himself to be painted under the figure of a Colossus, upon cloth or canvas, a hundred and twenty feet in height." The same author informs us, that this preposterous picture, when it was finished, met with its fate from lightning, which consumed it, and involved likewise the most beautiful part of the gardens where it was placed in the conflagration. The Reader may find some ingenious remarks upon this subject, in the Notes sur l'Histoire de la Peinture ancienne extraite de l'Histoire naturelle de Plin. Fol. London, 1725.

NOTE III. VERSE 108.

Blest be the pencil! which from death can save.] The sweet illusion of this enchanting art is prettily expressed in a letter of Raphael's to his friend Francesco Raifolini, a Bolognese painter. The two artists had agreed to exchange their own portraits, and Raphael, on receiving his friend's picture, addresses him in the following words:

"Messer Francesco mio caro ricevo in questo punto il vostro ritratto - - - egli è bellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole."

Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, &c. Tom. i. pag. 82.

The

The charm of Portrait-painting is still more beautifully described in verse by a friend of Raphael's the amiable and accomplished Count Balthasar Castiglione.

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago
 Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas ;
 Huic ego delicias facio, arrisusque jocoque
 Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat
 Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur
 Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.
 Agnoscit balboque Patrem, puer ore salutat.
 Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

These elegant lines are part of an epistle, written in the name of his Countess, Hyppolyte, to her husband. See Pope's edition of the *Poemata Italorum*, Vol. ii. page 248.

NOTE IV. VERSE 126.

Inspir'd by thee the soft Corinthian Maid.] Pliny has transmitted to us the History of the Maid of Corinth and her father. "Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, first formed likenesses in clay at Corinth, but was indebted to his daughter for the invention ; the girl being in love with a young man who was soon going from her into some remote country, traced out the lines of his face from his shadow upon the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a bust, and hardened it in the fire with the rest of his earthen ware."

Plin. Lib. 35.

Athenagoras, the Athenian philosopher, gives a similar account of this curious and entertaining anecdote, adding the circumstance that the youth was sleeping when the likeness was taken from his shadow. Περιεγραψεν αὐτὸς πομπόμενῳ ἐν τοίχῳ τῆς σκιάς.

The same writer, who lived in the second century of the Christian æra, informs us that this monument of ancient art was extant at Corinth in his time, though Pliny

seems to intimate that it did not survive the taking of that city by Mummius.

In the *Poésies de Fontenelle* there is an epistle from the Maid of Corinth, whom the author calls Dibutadis, to her imaginary lover Polemon. She describes her own work in the following Stanzas :

Une lampe pretoit une Lumiere sombre
 Qui m'aidoit encore à rever :
 Je voyois sur un mur se depeindre ton ombre,
 Et m'appliquois à l'observer :

Car tout plait, Polemon, pour peu qu'il represente
 L'objet de notre attachement,
 C'est assez pour flater les Langueurs d'une amante
 Que l'ombre seule d'un amante.

Mais je pouffai plus loin cette douce chimere,
 Je voulus fixer en ces Lieux,
 Attacher à cémur une ombre passagere
 Pour la conserver à mes yeux.

Alors en la suivant du Bout d'une baguette
 Je trace une Image de toi ;
 Une image, il est vrai, peu distincte, imparfaite,
 Mais enfin charmante pour moi.

NOTE V. VERSE 194.

'Twas then Panæus drew, with freedom's train.] Panæus was the brother of Phidias, the celebrated Sculptor, whom he is said to have assisted in his noblest works.—Pausanias in his Fifth Book, gives an account of several pictures by this early Artist, and particularly of the picture here alluded to. It was painted in the celebrated portico called Παιλή, Pæcile.

Besides a general representation of the conflict, the flight of the barbarians, and a distant view of their ships, Theseus, Minerva, and Hercules were, according to this author, exhibited in the piece. The most conspicuous figures among the persons engaged were Callimachus, and

and Miltiades, and a hero called Echetus: he mentions also another hero, who is introduced into the picture, called Marathon, from whom, he says, the field had its name.

Pausanias, fol. Lip. 1696. p. 37.

From Pliny's account of the same picture we learn that the heads of the generals were portraits—adeo jam colorum usus percrebuerat, adeoque ars perfecta erat ut in eo Prælio ICONICOS duces pinxisse tradatur.—

Plin. Lib. 35. c. 8.

Miltiades had the honour of being placed foremost in this illustrious group, as a reward for his having saved Athens, and all Greece.

Cor. Nep. in Vitâ Miltiadis.

Panæus flourished, according to Pliny, in the 83d Olympiad, little more than forty years after the battle he painted.

NOTE VI. VERSE 198.

There Polygnotus, scorning servile hire.] Of the talents of Polygnotus much honourable mention is made by many of the best authors of antiquity, as Aristotle and Plutarch, Dionysius Halicarnessensis, &c. Pausanias speaks of the pictures here alluded to, and in his Tenth Book, introduces a very long description of other pictures by the same artist, painted also from Homer in the Temple at Delphos. The passage however gives but a confused and imperfect idea of the painter's performance. How much the art is indebted to this ancient master, what grace and softness he gave to the human countenance, what embellishments he added to the female figure and dress, are much more happily described by Pliny. *Primus Mulieres lucidâ veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturæ primus contulit: siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare.* The same author likewise bears honourable testimony to the liberal spirit of this great artist, who refused any
reward

reward for his ingenious labours in the portico.—
 Porticum gratuito, cum partem ejus Mycon mercede
 pingeret. Plin. Lib. 35. cap. 8.

He flourished about the 90th Olympiad.

N O T E VII. VERSE 202.

Thy tragic pencil, Aristides, caught.] The city of Thebes had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Artist. He was the first, according to Pliny, who expressed Character and Passion, the Human Mind, and its several emotions ; but he was not remarkable for softness of colouring. “ His most celebrated picture was of an infant (on the taking of a town) at the mother’s breast, who is wounded and expiring. The sensations of the mother were clearly marked, and her fear lest the child, upon failure of the milk, should suck her blood.” “ Alexander the Great,” continues the same author, “ took this picture with him to Pella.”

It is highly probable, according to the conjecture of Junius, (in his learned *Treatise de Picturâ Veterum*) that the following beautiful epigram of Æmillianus was written on this exquisite picture :

Ελκε, ταλαν, παρα μητρος ὅν εκ ετι μαζον αμελξεις
 Ελχυσον ὑγαιον ναμα καλα φθιμενης.
 Η δὴ γαρ ξιφεισσι λιποπνοος· αλλα τα μητρος
 Φιλτρα καὶ εἰν αἰδη παιδοκομειν εμαθον.

It is not ill translated into Latin by Grotius :

Suge, miser, nunquam quæ posthac pocula fuges ;
 Ultima ab exanimo corpore poc’la trahe !
 Expiravit enim jam faucia ; sed vel ab orco
 Infantem novit pascere matris amor.

But this is far inferior, and so perhaps is the original itself, to the very elegant English version of it, which Mr. Webb

FIRST PART.

13

Webb has given us in his ingenious and animated "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting."

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!
She dies: her tenderness survives her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb, Dialogue 7. p. 161.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 206.

Correct Parrhasius first to rich design.] The name of Parrhasius is immortalized by many of the most celebrated ancient authors; and his peculiar talents are thus recorded in Pliny: *Primus summetriam picturæ dedit, primus argutias vultus, elegantium capilli, venustatem oris: confessione artificum in lineis extremis palmam adeptus.*—He is one of the four ancient painters, whose lives are written by Carlo Dati,—This ingenious, Italian very justly questions the truth of the singular story concerning Parrhasius, preserved in Seneca where he is accused of purchasing an old Olynthian captive, and exposing him to a most wretched death, that he might paint from his agony the tortures of Prometheus. The same author contradicts on this occasion a similar falsehood concerning the great Michael Angelo, which was first circulated from the pulpit by an ignorant priest, as we learn from Gori's Historical Annotations to the Life of M. Angelo, by his scholar Condivi.

NOTE IX. VERSE 210.

The gay, the warm, licentious Zeuxis drew.] The Helen of Zeuxis is become almost proverbial: the story of the Artist's having executed the picture from an assemblage of the most beautiful females is mentioned (though with some variation as to the place)
by

by authors of great credit, Pliny, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Cicero. The last gives a very long and circumstantial account of it.

De Inventione, Lib. 2.

If the story is true, it is perhaps one of the strongest examples we can find of that enthusiastic passion for the fine arts which animated the ancients. Notwithstanding her præminence in beauty, it seems somewhat singular that the painter should have chosen such a character as Helen, as a proper decoration for the Temple of Juno. A most celebrated Spanish Poet, though not in other respects famous for his judgment, has, I think, not injudiciously metamorphosed this Helen of Zeuxis into Juno herself,

Zeusis, Pintor famoso, retratando
De Juno el rostro, las faciones bellas
De cinco perfectissimas donzellas
Estuvo attentamenta contemplando.
Rimas de Lope de Vega.

Lisboa, 1605. p. 51-2.

Junius supposes this picture to have been rated a little too high.—

NOTE X. VERSE 216.

Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove.] Grace is the well-known excellence of Apelles, but that he sometimes very happily attempted the sublime, we learn both from Plutarch and Pliny, who speak of his force and energy—The Alexander of Philip, says Plutarch was invincible, the Alexander of Apelles inimitable.

He painted, says Pliny, things that surpass the power of painting, quæ pingi non possunt, Tonitrua, fulgura fulgetraque—

NOTE

NOTE XI. VERSE 228.

While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.] That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting, or Sculpture, seems to be confest, and accounted for in the following passage of Tully's Tusculan Disputations, Lib. 1.

An censemus, si Fabio, nobilissimo homini, laudi datum esset quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletos, et Parrhasios fuisse? honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad Studia Gloriâ, jacentque ea semper quæ apud quosque improbantur.

The fine arts necessarily languish without public protection or encouragement: but public honours at Rome flowed in a very different channel. While the Roman boasted his consummate skill in every art of empire and government, he avowed in many works of genius and taste; his inferiority with an air of triumph.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia Sidera dicent.
'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem:
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Æneidos, Lib. VI.

NOTE XII. VERSE 244.

There studious Vinci treasur'd every rule.] Lionardo da Vinci was born near Florence in 1445. He was perhaps a man as universally accomplished as ever existed. Not only admirable beyond his Predecessors in his own profession of Painting, but an excellent architect and musician, and of great skill as an Anatomist. Besides all these talents, he was, according to Vafari,

Vasari, the best extempore Rimer of his Time.—His History and Works are well known.—The singular circumstance of his dying in the arms of Francis the First, king of France, is mentioned by a French poet of the present age,

“Lorsque Francois premier, Roi digne d’être heureux,
Tint Leonarad mourant dans ses bras genereux.”

And the particulars of his death are thus curiously recorded by Vasari, who speaks in raptures of his various and exalted talents :

Finalmente venuto vecchio, stette molti mesi ammalato, et vedendosi vicino alla morte, si volse diligentemente informare de le cose catoliche, & della via buona, et santa religione christiana, et poi con molti pianti confesso e contrito, se bene e’ non poteva reggersi in piedi, fosse nendosi nelle braccia di suoi amici, e fervi, volse divotamente pigliare il santissimo sacramento, fuor del letto : sopraggiunfeli il Rè che spesso e amerevolmente le soleva visitare : per il che egli per riverenza rizzatosi a sedere sul letto, contando il mal suo & gli accidenti di quello mostrava tuttavia quanto aveva offeso dio, et gli huomini del mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva : onde gli venne un parosismo messagiero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et presola la testa per aiutarlo, & porgerli Favore, accio che il male lo alleggerisse ; lo spirito tuo, che divinissimo era, conoscendo non potere havere maggiore honore, spirò in braccio à quell rè nella età sua d’anni 75.

Vasari vita di Lionardo da Vinci, p. 10, 11.

N O T E XIII. VERSE 251.

Gigantic Angels his wonders wrought.] Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born near Florence 1474, and died at Rome 1564.

This illustrious man is too well known, both as an Architect and a Painter, to need any encomium : he
was

was also a Poet. His *Rime* were printed by the Giunto at Florence, in quarto, in 1623. The following Sonnet, which is to be found in Vasari, to whom it is addressed, is at once a proof of his poetical talents, and his religious turn of mind: it may serve also as a lesson to vanity, in shewing that even a genius of the sublimest class entertained great apprehension concerning the mortality of his fame.

Giunti è già 'l corso della vita mia,
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca,
Al comun porto, ov' à render si varca
Cento e ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia.

Onde l' affettuosa fantasia
Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
Cognosco hor ben quant' era d' error carca
E quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun desia.

Gli amorosi pensier, già vani, e lieti
Che sien or' s' a due morti niu avicino?
D' una so certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Ne pinger ne scolpir fia piu che queti
L' anima volta a quello amor divino
Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

A letter, addressed to his friend Vasari, on the death of Urbino, his old and faithful servant, shews, that he united the soft virtues of a most benevolent heart to the sublime talents of an elevated mind.— This letter is printed both in Vasari, and in the first volume of *Raccolta de Lettere sulla Pittura*, &c. p. 6.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 254.

[*Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on Raphael smil'd.*]
Raffaello da Urbino was born in 1483, and died 1520. His amiable qualities as a Man were not inferior to his exalted talents as an Artist. The reader will not be displeased

displeased to see the singular eulogium which the honest Vasari has bestowed on the engaging manners of this most celebrated Genius.

Certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore che in me stesso stupisco; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra uno effetto sì contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori: questo è che naturalmente gli artefici nostri, non dico soli i bassi, ma quelli che hanno umore d' esser grandi (come di questo umore l' arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, stavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti i mali umori in veder lui s' ammorzavano: e ogni vile e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non fu più in altro tempo che nel suo. E questo avveniva perche restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura.

Vasari Vita di Raff. p. 88.

To atone for the imperfect sketch, which has been here attempted of these divine artists, (Michael Angelo and Raphael) the author intended to have presented the reader with a long quotation from a most animated discourse of the President of the Royal Academy, in which he has placed these great masters in a light of comparison with each other. But as the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds are no longer scarce (a new edition being now published) he shall refer the reader to the Work itself. He will find this most happy and ingenious parallel in the discourse delivered at the Royal Academy, December 10, 1772.

N O T E X V. VERSE 260.

The daring Julio, though by Raphael train'd.] Julio Romano was born at Rome 1422, and died at Mantua 1546.

His singular character is forcibly drawn by Vasari. He was, according to this writer, the most successful imitator

imitator of Raphael, the greater part of whose scholars became eminent, and were almost infinite in number. Raphael was particularly attentive to Julio, and loved him with the affection of a parent.

Vasari Vita di Giulio.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 268.

More richly warm, the glowing Titian knew.] We find frequent censures thrown upon Titian by the critics, for confining himself "to flattering the eye by the richness and truth of his colouring, without a proper attention to the higher branch of his art, that of interesting our feeling by affecting subjects;" the criticism is indeed extended to the Painters of the Lombard School in general.

Du Bos, Tom. I. Sect. 10.

Why Titian chose not to follow the finished method of his excellent cotemporaries, he declared to Francesco de Vargas, the ambassador of Charles the Fifth at Venice.

"I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the question of Vargas, I should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the pencils of Corregio, Parmegiano, and Raphael: and even though I should be successful enough to equal them, I should always rank below them, because I should be only accounted their imitator. In a word, ambition which always attends the fine arts, has induced me to choose a way entirely new, in which I might make myself famed for something, as the great Masters have done in the route they have followed."

Antoine Perez, dans la soixante unieme de ses Secondes Lettres.

This great Artist enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted health, and died during the plague at Venice in 1576 at the uncommon age of ninety-nine.

NOTE

NOTE XVII. VERSE 282.

Soft as Catullus sweet Corregio play'd.] Antonio da Corregio.—Very different accounts are given by different authors of the birth and fortunes of this exquisite Painter. His capital pictures were executed about the year 1512, according to Vasari, who relates, in a very affecting manner, the circumstances of his poverty and death.

Having taken a journey on foot, in extremely hot weather, he imprudently drank cold water, which brought on a fever, of which he died at about the age of forty.

His colouring was most exquisitely adapted to the delicate softness of female beauty. To form a perfect picture of Adam and Eve (says an Italian writer on Painting) Adam should be designed by Michael Angelo, and coloured by Titian; Eve designed by Raphael, and coloured by Corregio.—

The ill fortune of Corregio, and the gross neglect of Art, in the very city, which he had adorned with the most exquisite productions of his pencil, are expressed with great feeling in a letter of Annibal Carracci, written while he was studying the works of Corregio, at Parma, to his cousin Lodovico, in 1580.—Vide Raccolta de Lettere, &c. Tom. I. p. 88.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 284.

Though Parma claim it for her rival son.] Francesco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1504, and is thence usually called Parmegiano. His character is thus distinctly marked by Vasari:

“Fu dal cielo largamente dotato di tutte quelle parti, che a un eccellente pittore sono richieste, poi che diede alle sue figure, oltre quello, che si è detto di molti altri, una certa venusta, dolcezza, e leggiadria nell'attitudini, che fu sua propria e particolare.”

—The

—The same author gives us a particular description of the singular and admirable portrait, which this delicate artist drew of himself reflected from a convex mirror: he relates also some curious circumstances of his allegorical portrait of the emperor Charles the Vth, which he painted by memory, and by the recommendation of Pope Clement the VIIth. presented to the emperor at Bologna.—The honest biographer laments, with great feeling, the errors and misfortunes of this most promising painter, who being seized, early in life, with the frenzy of turning alchemist, impaired his health and fortune by this fatal pursuit; his attachment to which however some authors have questioned: a delirious fever put a period to his melancholy days at the age of thirty-six, in his native city of Parma 1540.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 290.

Till with pure judgment the Caracci came.] Lodovico Caracci, who with his cousins Annibal and Augustin established the famous Academy of Bologna, was born in that city 1555. The circumstance that occasioned his death, as related by a French author, affords a singular proof how dangerous it is for an artist to confide in the partial judgment of his particular friends.

Son dernier ouvrage qui est une Annonciation peinte à fresque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathedrale de Bologne, ne reussit pas; son age, une vue affoiblie, & la grande elevation de l'Eglise furent cause qu'il se confia à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il étoit bien, & qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echaufauds: il fut trompé; on critiqua fort cette peinture: Louis s'en chagrina de maniere qu'il se mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand Homme en 1619.—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Pientres. Paris 8vo. 1762. Tom. II. p. 50.

Augustin,

Augustin, who quitted the pencil for the engraver, and is much celebrated for his various accomplishments, died at Parma in 1602.—Annibal, the immortal Painter of the Farnese gallery, whom Poussin did not hesitate to rank with Raphael himself, died in a state of distraction at Rome 1609. This melancholy event is described in a very affecting letter written by an Italian prelate, who attended him in his last moments.

Raccolta, Tom. II. p. 384.

NOTE XX. VERSE 295.

Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.] Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1581, died at Naples, not without suspicion of poison, 1640.—He entered early in life into the school of the Caracci, and was there honoured with the affectionate appellation of Domenichino, from his extreme youth.—His Communion of St. Jerome was compared by the judicious Poussin to the Transfiguration of Raphael: yet Du Fresnoy has past a severe censure on Domenichino, and affirms that he has less nobleness in his works than any other artist who studied in the school of the Caracci. So contradictory are the opinions of the two most enlightened judges in this delicate art!

NOTE XXI. VERSE 297.

The learned Lanfranc in their school arose.] Giovanni Lanfranco, born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIIIth, and died at Rome 1647.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 299.

The tender Guido caught his graceful air.] Guido Reni was born in Bologna 1595: exquisite in grace though deficient in expression, he was held during his

his life in the highest estimation. A fatal passion for gaming involved him in continued scenes of distress. His personal beauty was so great, that his master Lodovico Caracci is said to have drawn his angels from the head of Guido.

NOTE XXIII. VERSE 303.

No mean historian to record their praise.] George Vasari, to whom we are indebted for a most valuable history of Italian painters, was born at Arezzo in Tuscany 1511. — Though the fame of the author seems to have eclipsed that of the artist, he rose to considerable eminence as a painter, and has left us a particular and entertaining account of himself and his pictures in the close of his great work—it is introduced with an apology, in which he speaks of his own talents, and extreme passion for his art, in the most modest and engaging manner. — His generous desire of doing justice to the merit of others is most happily rewarded in the following Elogy, by the great Thuanus :

“ Ob excellentiam artis, quam historia accurate & eleganter scripta illustravit, Georgius Vasarius meruit, ut inter viros ingenio & literis præstantes accenseretur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor & architectus nostra ætate præstantissimus, diu magno Etruriæ Duci Cosmo, omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referrentur obtinuit, fautori eximio navavit ; editis passim ingenii sui ad stupendum omnium spectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico suo v kalend Quintil, vivis exemptus est ; exinde sicuti testamento caverat, Florentia ubi decessit, Aretium in patriam translatus ; quo loco in principali secundum sedem Episcopalem templo in facello ab ipso juxta sumptuoso et admirando artificio exstructo sepultus.”

Thuanus sub ann. 1574.

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NOTE

NOTE XXIV. VERSE 322.

On her pure Style see mild Bologna claim.] The French author quoted above, under the article Caracci, not only speaks with the greatest warmth of the obligation, which Painting owes to Lodovico Caracci, for having raised it from that state of corruption, into which it had fallen in all the schools of Italy; but at the same time points out also the various manierists who had chiefly contributed to its debasement.

The style introduced by Lodovico is recommended by that excellent judge Sir Joshua Reynolds (See Discourse 1769) as better suited to grave and dignified subjects than the richer brilliancy of Titian.

NOTE XXV. VERSE 325.

—————*Titian's golden rays.]* This expression is borrowed from the close of that elegant sentence of modern Latin, which the author of Fitzosborne's Letters has so justly commended, "*Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam verè suam denunciat.*" See his excellent letter on metaphors, p. 50.

NOTE XXVI. VERSE 333.

And Raphael's Grace must yield to Rembrant's Force.] Rembrant Van Pryn, born near Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1674, or, according to some accounts, 1668. The numerous works of this great master, both with the engraver and pencil, have rendered him universally known. His singular studies, and the pride which he seems to have taken in the natural force of his genius, appear strongly marked in the two following passages of his French Biographer.

"Les murs de son atelier couverts de vieux habits, de piques, et d'armures extraordinaires etoient toutes

ses études, ainsi qu'une armoire pleine d'étoffes anciennes, & d'autres choses pareilles qu'il avoit coutume d'appeller ses antiques.—Rembrant, qui se glorifioit de n'avoir jamais vu l'Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l'étoit venu visiter à Amsterdam: & qui lui répondit, "Je le vois bien." Rembrant naturellement brusque reprit: "Qui es tu pour me parler de la sorte?"—Vandick répondit; "Monsieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous servir."—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres, Tom. III. p. 113.

NOTE XXVII. VERSE 336.

Yet, Holland, thy unwearied labours raise.] There is no article of taste, on which different writers have run more warmly into the opposite extremes of admiration and contempt, than in estimating the painters of Holland. Those who are enchanted by the sublime conceptions of the Roman school, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance; while those, who are satisfied with minute and faithful delineations of nature, find absolute perfection in the very pictures, which are treated by others with the most supercilious neglect.—But sound and impartial judgment seems equally to disclaim this hasty censure, and this inordinate praise;—and ranking the most eminent Dutch artists below the great Italian masters, yet allows them considerable and peculiar merit.—A French author says, I think not unhappily, of the Dutch painters, that they are "*Dans la peinture, ce que le comique & le plaisant font dans la poésie.*" In design their fort is certainly humour, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

NOTE XXVIII. VERSE 360.

Proud of the praise by Rubens' pencil won.] Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who is happily stiled by Mr. Walpole,

pole, "The Popular Painter," was born at Cologne 1577, and died of the gout at Antwerp 1640. The history of his life furnishes a most striking incentive to the young painter's ambition.—The many accomplishments which he possessed, the infinitude of works which he produced, the reputation and esteem, the various honours and ample fortune, which he so justly acquired, present to the mind an animating idea of what may be expected from a happy cultivation of talents in a course of constant and spirited application. Though he visited the court of Charles the First in the public character of an ambassador, it does not appear how long he resided here;—Mr. Walpole conjectures about a year.—His pictures in the ceiling at Whitehall were not painted in England; which perhaps is the reason he has been at the pains of finishing them so neatly, that they will bear the nearest inspection; for he must have well known how greatly the reputation of any work depends on its first happy impression on the public, and concluded his pictures would be viewed by the king and court instantly on their arrival, and that the critics would not be candid enough to delay their remarks on them till they were elevated to their intended height. This noble work was falling into decay, from which state it has been lately rescued by that excellent artist Mr. Cipriani, to whose care it has been most judiciously committed to be cleaned and repaired.—Rubens received for this work £3000.

N O T E XXIX. VERSE 368.

Her soft Vandyke, while graceful portraits please.]
Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated scholar of Rubens, died of the same disorder which proved fatal to his master, and at a much earlier period of life. He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Black Fryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. On his first visit to England he
received

received no encouragement from the Court, but Charles, becoming soon afterwards acquainted with his merit, sent him an invitation to return. Vandyke embraced the offer with joy, and the king, who shewed him, by frequent sittings, the most flattering marks of esteem, conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1632, rewarding him also with the grant of an annuity of £.200 for life.

NOTE XXX. VERSE 371.

From Flanders first the secret power she caught.]
 The Low Countries, though little celebrated for inventive genius, have given to mankind the two signal discoveries, which have imparted, as it were, a new vital spirit both to Literature and to Painting. This honour however has been brought into question—Germany made a strong, but unsuccessful effort to rob Holland of the glory which she derives from the first invention of Printing: and Painting in oil (it has been said) was known in Italy before the time of John Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, as he is commonly called; to whom that discovery is generally ascribed, about the year 1410.—But Vasari, in his Life of Antonello da Messina, relates very particularly the circumstances of Van Eyck's invention, and the subsequent introduction of the secret into Italy. A most learned antiquarian and entertaining writer of our own time has supposed that Van Eyck might possibly “learn the secret of using oil in England, and take the honour of the invention to himself, as we were then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leisure, from the confusion of the times, to claim the discovery of such a secret.”
 —Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. I. p. 29.
 —The conjecture is not without some little foundation,—but the conjectural claims which either Italy or England can produce to this excellent invention, are

are by no means sufficiently strong to annihilate the glory of the happy and ingenious Fleming.

NOTE XXXI. VERSE 375.

Where sumptuous Leo courted every Muse.] The name of Medicis is familiar to every lover of the fine arts. John de Medicis, the Cardinal, was raised to the papal See 1513. He continued that liberal patronage and encouragement to learning, which had before distinguished his illustrious family. He was profuse and magnificent. The various, and celebrated productions of taste and genius under his pontificate, clearly mark the age of Leo the Xth. as one of the great æras of literature.

NOTE XXXII. VERSE 385.

The sage Poussin, with purest fancy fraught.] Nicolas Poussin was born at Andely in Normandy 1594: one of his first patrons was the whimsical Italian poet Marino, who being struck with some fresco works of the young painter at Paris, employed him in some designs from his own poem *l'Adone*, and enabled him to undertake an expedition to Rome. He was recalled from thence by Cardinal Richelieu in 1640, but upon the death of Richelieu and the king he returned to Rome, where he ended a life of primitive simplicity and patient application in 1665.

NOTE XXXIII. VERSE 393.

Then rose Le Brun, his scholar, and his friend.] Charles Le Brun, universally known by his *Battles of Alexander*, and his treatise on the passions, was born in Paris 1619: having presided over the French Academy, with great reputation, more than forty years, he died in 1690, partly, as the author of the *Abrégé* assures us, from the chagrin which he received

ceived from a cabal raised against him in favour of his rival Mignard: but neither his own works, nor the partial favour of his patron Louvois, nor the friendship of Moliere, who has written a long poem in his praise, have been able to raise Mignard to the level of Le Brun.

NOTE XXXIV. VERSE 399.

Thy dawn, Le Sueur, announc'd a happier taste.] Eustache Le Sueur, (who, without the advantage of studying in Italy, approached nearer than any of his countrymen to the manner of Raphael) was a native of Paris. Le Brun, who came to visit him in his last moments, is reported to have said on quitting his chamber, "Que la mort alloit lui tirer une grosse epine du Pied." If he was capable of uttering such a sentiment, at such a time, he thoroughly deserved the fate, which is mentioned in the preceding Note.

NOTE XXXV. VERSE 405.

Though Fresnoy teaches, in Horatian song.] Charles Alfonse du Fresnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem de Arte graphicâ, very hastily translated into English prose by Dryden, was himself a painter of some eminence, and the intimate friend of Mignard. He died in a village near Paris, at the age of forty-four, in 1665.

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NOTES

N O T E S
ON THE
S E C O N D P A R T.

N O T E XXXVI. VERSE 15.

THOUGH foreign Theorists, with System blind.]

The vain and frivolous speculations of some eminent French authors, concerning our national want of genius for the fine arts, are refuted with great spirit in an ingenious essay by Mr. Barry; entitled, "An Enquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England." As this work highly distinguishes the elegance of his pen, his Venus rising from the sea does equal honour to his pencil.

N O T E XXXVII. VERSE 33.

Fierce Harry reign'd, who, soon with pleasure clay'd.]

In this short account of the influence which the different characters of our sovereigns have had on the progress of national Art, the Author is indebted principally to Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

N O T E XXXVIII. VERSE 45.

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel.] An accomplished Critic of our own time has touch'd on the
moral

moral efficacy of Picture, with his usual elegance and erudition. After having illustrated the subject from the writings of Aristotle and Xenophon, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—"Yet, considering its vast power in morals, one cannot enough lament the ill destiny of this divine art, which, from the chaste handmaid of Virtue, hath been debauched, in violence of her nature, to a shameless prostitute of Vice, and procuress of pleasure."—Hurd's Note on the following line of Horace:

"*Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.*"

To this let me add one observation for the honour of our English artists!—The prostitution of the pencil, so justly lamented by this amiable writer, is perhaps less frequent in this kingdom, than in any country whatever, in which Painting has been known to rise to an equal degree of perfection.

N O T E XXXIX. VERSE 93.

Yet to thy Palace Kneller's skill supplied.] Sir Godfrey Kneller, born at Lubec 1646, settled in England 1674, was knighted by King William, created a Baronet by George the First, and died 1723.—No Painter was ever more flattered by the Muses; who gave him credit for talents which he never displayed. Dryden says, in his enchanting Epistle to Kneller:

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dares design
A more exalted work, and more divine. }

But the drudgery of the Poet arose from the most cruel necessity; that of the Painter, from avarice, the bane of excellence in every profession!—If Sir Godfrey had any talents for history, which is surely very doubtful, we have, as Mr. Walpole well observes, no reason to regret that he was confined to portraits, as his pencil has faithfully transmitted to us "*so many ornaments of an illustrious age.*"

Though

Though I have partly subscribed to the general idea, that William, in whose reign this Painter principally flourished, "contributed nothing to the advancement of arts," yet I must observe, that his employing Kneller to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court, his rewarding him with knighthood, and the additional present of a gold medal and chain, weighing £.300, may justify those lines of Pope, which describe "The Hero, William" as an encourager of Painting.

NOTE XL. VERSE 97.

While partial taste from modest Riley turn'd.] John Riley was born in London 1646: Mr. Walpole relates an anecdote of his being much mortified by Charles the Second; who, looking at his own picture, exclaim'd, "Is this like me? then, Ods-fish, I am an ugly fellow."—The same author says happily of this artist, "With a quarter of Sir Godfrey's vanity, he might have persuaded the world he was as great a master." Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he had the good fortune to be appointed Principal Painter, soon after the Revolution, but died an early martyr to the gout 1691.

NOTE XLI. VERSE 101.

And Thornhill's blaze of Allegory gilt.] Sir James Thornhill, born in Dorsetshire 1676, was nephew to the celebrated Sydenham, and educated by the liberality of that great physician. He afterwards acquired a very ample fortune by his own profession; was in parliament for Weymouth, knighted by George the Second, and died 1732.—His talents, as a Painter, are universally known, from his principal works at Greenwich, St. Paul's, &c.

NOTE

NOTE XLII. VERSE III.

The youthful Noble, on a princely plan.] About twenty years ago, the present Duke of Richmond opened, in his house at Whitehall, a gallery for artists, completely filled with a small but well-chosen collection of casts from the antique, and engaged two eminent artists to superintend and direct the students.— This noble encouragement of art, though superseded by a royal establishment, is still entitled to remembrance and honour: it not only served as a prelude to more extensive institutions, but contributed much towards forming some capital artists of the present time. The name of Mortimer is alone sufficient to reflect a considerable lustre on this early school.

NOTE XLIII. VERSE 134.

Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly.] Although the superior excellencies of this admirable artist make us peculiarly regret the want of durability in his exquisite productions; yet he is far from being the only artist, whose pictures soon discover an appearance of precipitate decay. Fugitive colouring seems indeed to be the chief defect among our present painters in oil; and it must be the most ardent wish of every lover of art, that so great an evil may be effectually remedied. As the Royal Academy is a society of enlightened artists, established for the improvement of every branch of painting, it may be hoped, that they will pay attention to this mechanical point, as well as to the nobler acquirements of art, and employ some person, who has patience and abilities for such an office, to discover, by a course of experiments, to what cause this important evil is owing. If it be found to arise from the adulteration of colours, oils, and varnishes, might it not be eligible for

for the Academy to follow the example of another profession, who, where health and life are concerned, obviate the difficulty of getting their articles genuine from the individual trader, by opening a shop at the expence of the Society, to prepare and sell the various ingredients, free from those adulterations which private interest might otherwise produce?

But there may be no just ground of complaint against the integrity of the colourman, and this failure may perhaps arise from the artist's mixing his colours, and their vehicles in improper proportions to each other; that is, instead of painting with oil properly thickened with colour, using oil only fully stained with it, to which a proper consistence (or body as the painters call it) is given by strong gum varnishes; in short, using more vehicle than colour; by which, although most brilliant and transparent effects may be produced, yet the particles of colour are too much attenuated, and divided from each other, and consequently less able to withstand the destructive action of light. If the deficiency complained of originates from this source, the Academy, by a careful course of experiments, may be able clearly to ascertain what preparations of the more delicate colours are most durable; what oils and varnishes will best preserve the original brilliancy of the paint; what are the best proportions for this purpose in which they can be used; and how far glazing (that almost irresistible temptation to oil-painters) may or may not be depended on. All these points are at present so far from being known with certainty, that perhaps there are not two painters, who think perfectly alike on any one of them. The author hopes, that the gentlemen of the pencil will pardon his presuming to offer a hint on this delicate subject, with which he does not pretend to be intimately acquainted. The ideas, which he has thus ventured to address to them, arise only from the most ardent wish, that future ages may have a just and adequate sense of the flourishing state of painting

ing in England in the reign of George the Third, and that our present excellent artists may not be reduced to depend on the uncertain hand of the engraver for the esteem of posterity.

A very liberal Critic, * in his flattering remarks on the Poem, seems, in speaking of this note, to mistake a little the meaning of its author, who alluded only to that defect in colouring, where the finer tints are so managed, for the sake of an immediate and short-liv'd brilliancy, that they sink very soon into no colour at all. He did not mean to touch on those changes in Painting, where the colours all grow darker, the lights become brown, and the shadows one mass of black. This is likewise a great evil, and calls aloud for redress. Perhaps the Critic above mentioned has pointed out the true cause of this defect, viz. the indiscriminate blending of the colours, and the not using pure, simple, uncompounded tints.

NOTE XLIV. VERSE 138.

The leading principles of liberal Art.] I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of paying this tribute to the great artist here mentioned, who is not only at the head of his own profession, but may justly be ranked among the first writers of the age. His discourses, not merely calculated for the improvement of the young artists to whom they are addressed, contain all the principles of true and universal taste, embellished with great brilliancy of imagination, and with equal force of expression.

NOTE XLV. VERSE 151.

Thy Ugolino, &c.] As the subject of this admirable picture is taken from a poet so little known to the English reader as Dante, it may not perhaps be impertinent to say, that in Richardson's discourse on

* Vide the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1778, p. 526.

the Science of a Connoisseur, there is a translation of the story in English blank verse. A young and noble author, now living, has obliged the world with a translation of it in rhyme.—As to the picture, no artist could express more happily the wild and sublime spirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may justly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addressed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expression.

“Fabro gentil, ben sai,
Ch’ ancor tragico caso e’ caro Oggetto,
E che spesso l’ Horror va col Diletto.”

Marino.

NOTE XLVI. VERSE 165.

Now Art exults with annual triumphs gay.] While we are delighted with the increasing splendor of these annual entertainments, it is but just to remember, that we are indebted to the Society of Arts and Sciences for our first public exhibition of Paintings. The different societies of artists soon followed so excellent an example; and our rapid and various improvements in this lovely art reflect the highest honour on this happy institution. Our exhibitions at once afford both the best nursery for the protection of infant genius, and the noblest field for the display of accomplished merit: nor do they only administer to the benefit of the artist, and the pleasure of the public: they have still a more exalted tendency; and when national subjects are painted with dignity and force, our exhibitions may justly be regarded as schools of public virtue. Perhaps the young soldier can never be more warmly animated to the service of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted public, on a sublime picture of the expiring hero, who died with glory in her defence. But, not to dwell on their power of inspiring martial enthusiasm, our exhibitions may be said to have a happy influence on the manners and morals of those, who fill the different departments

partments of more tranquil life. In support of this sentiment I beg leave to transcribe the following judicious remark from an anonymous author, who has lately obliged the public with two little volumes of elegant and spirited essays.—“They, whose natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by attrition with the world, know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners polished, and the temper sweetened, by a well-directed study of the arts of imitation. The same sensibility of artificial excellence, extends itself to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the student returns from the artists gallery to his station in society, with a breast more disposed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of social life, and of reciprocal benevolence.”—Knox’s Essays, moral and literary, 1778, p. 264, on Sculpture.

N O T E XLVII. VERSE 243.

Thy Talents, Hogarth! &c.] William Hogarth was born in London, 1698, and put apprentice to an engraver of the most ordinary Class; but his comic talents, which are said to have appeared first in the prints to Hudibras, soon raised him to fame and fortune.—He married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and died 1764.—The peculiar merits of his pencil are unquestionable. His Analysis of Beauty has been found more open to dispute; but however the greater adepts in the science may differ on its principles, it may certainly be called an honourable monument of his genius and application.

N O T E XLVIII. VERSE 357.

Whose needy Titian calls for ill-paid Gold.] Richardson has fallen into a mistake concerning the famous Danae, and other pictures of Titian, which he says (in quoting a letter of Titian’s without considering its address)

address) were painted for Henry the VIIIth. of England, a tyrant indeed, voluptuous, and cruel, but still less detestable than the fullen and unnatural Philip the II^d of Spain, who filled up the measure of his superior guilt by the horrid assassination of his son. Philip, on his marriage with Mary, assumed the title of King of England; and to him Titian addressed the letter, which speaks of the pictures in question: the painter frequently mentions his attachment to his unworthy patron.

His solicitude to ensure his protection and favour is strongly marked in the following short passage of a letter which he addressed to one of Philip's attendants. "Mando ora la poesia di venerare e Adone, nella quale V. S. vedrà, quanto spirito e amore so mettere nell' opere di sua Maestà."—Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 21.

How poorly this great artist was rewarded for his ill-directed labour, appears very forcibly in a long letter of complaint, which he had spirit enough to address to the king on the many hardships he suffered in being unable to obtain the payment of the pension which had been granted to him by the emperor Charles the Vth.—Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 379.

NOTE XLIX. VERSE 424.

Bid English pencils honour English worth.] The great encouragement given our painters to select subjects from English history, has of late years been very observable. Many individuals of rank and fortune have promoted this laudable plan with spirit and effect; and the Society of Arts and Sciences have confined their premiums to subjects taken from the British Annals.

NOTE L. VERSE 435.

Her wounded Sidney, Bayard's perfect Peer.] The gallant, the amiable and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney may be justly placed on a level with the noble Bayard, "Le Chevalier sans peur & sans reproche," whose glory has of late received new lustre from the pen of Robertson and the pencil of West. The striking scene here alluded to, which preceded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvas, but is forcibly described by the noble and enthusiastic friend of Sidney, the Lord Brooke.— See Biograph. Britan. Art. Sidney.

The particulars also are minutely described, and with great feeling, in a letter from his uncle Leicester to Sir Thomas Heneage, quoted in Collins's Memoirs of the Sidnies. The tide of national admiration flowed very strong in favour of Sidney, when Mr. Walpole, in speaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sidney are sufficient to bear down all opposition.—Instead of joining the elegant author I have mentioned, in considering Sir Philip Sidney as "an astonishing object of temporary admiration," I am surprized that so judicious an author should ever question so fair a title to universal regard. The learning and munificence, the courage and courtesy of Sidney endeared him to every rank, and he justly challenges the lasting affection of his country from the closing scene of his life, in which heroism and humanity are so beautifully blended. I never can think this accomplished character any ways degraded by his having written a tedious romance (in which however there are many touches of exquisite beauty and spirit) to amuse a most amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved; or by his having threatened an unworthy servant of his father's with death in a hasty billet, merely to intimidate and deter him from the future

SECOND PART. 83

future commission of an infamous breach of trust, in opening his letters.

NOTE LI. VERSE 462.

Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous More.] Margaret, eldest daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. The scene which I have proposed for the subject of a picture, is taken from the following passage in Ballard :

“ After Sir Thomas More was beheaded, she took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter’s ad Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower, and afterwards she procured his corpse to be removed, and buried in the chancel of the church of Chelsea, as Sir Thomas More, in his life-time, had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames to make room for others, she bought it. For this she was summoned before the council, as the same author relates, and behaved with the greatest firmness, justifying her conduct upon principles of humanity and filial piety. She was, however, imprisoned, but soon released, and dying nine years after her father, at the age of thirty-six, was buried at St. Dunstan’s, in Canterbury. The head of her father, which she had preserved with religious veneration, in a box of lead, was, at her particular request, committed with her to the grave. It was seen standing on her coffin in the year 1715, when the vault of the Roper (her husband’s) family was opened.”—See Ballard’s *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 36.

The character of this amiable woman is happily drawn both by Addison and Walpole.—She married, at the age of twenty, William Roper, Esquire, of Kent, to the infinite satisfaction of her father; for she seems to have been the dearest object of his paternal affection, which is very strongly marked in his letters addressed to her. She was indeed most eminently distinguished

tinguished by her learning, in an age, when the graces of the mind were regarded as an essential article in female education: but the beauty and force of her filial piety reflects a still superior lustre on this accomplished woman.—There is more than one passage in her life, which would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil. Her interview with her father, on his return to the Tower, is mentioned as such by Mr. Walpole.

N O T E LII. VERSE 497.

But, O! how poor the prostrate Satan lies.] It is remarkable, that the greatest painters have failed in this particular. Raphael, Guido, and West, are all deficient in the figure of Satan. Richardson observes, in his description of the pictures of Italy,—“Je n’ai jamais vu d’aucun Maître une représentation du Diable, prince des Diables, qui me satisfit.” Page 500.

In recommending this subject to the pencil, it may be proper to observe, that it is not only extremely difficult, but even attended with danger, if we credit the following curious anecdote, in a medical writer of great reputation:—Spinello fameux Peintre Toscan ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles donna des traits si terribles à Lucifer, qu’il en fut lui même saisi d’horreur, & tout le reste de sa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l’avoir représenté sous une figure si hideuse.

Tissot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.

THE END OF THE NOTES.

E P I S T L E

T O

A F R I E N D,

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN THORNTON, Esq.

CUJUS EGO INTERITU TOTA DE MENTE FUGAVI.

HÆC STUDIA, ATQUE OMNES DELICIAS ANIMI.

NOTESCATQUE MAGIS MORTUUS ATQUE MAGIS,

CATULLUS.

E B I S T L E

A E R I E N D

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN THORNTON, Esq.

IN HIS OWN INTERESTS NOT A MENTALLY
HIS OWNERSHIP, BUT A MENTALLY
HIS OWNERSHIP, BUT A MENTALLY
HIS OWNERSHIP, BUT A MENTALLY

CHAPMAN

E P I S T L E, &c.

IN vain, dear Monitor, thy kind desire
To wake the embers of poetic fire!
To clear the mind, where Grief's dark shadows lower,
And Fancy dies by Sorrow's freezing power!
In vain would Friendship's cheering voice suggest 5
Her flattering visions to the Poet's breast;
That public favour calls, with just demand,
Th' expected volume from his lingering hand:
Lost are those anxious hopes, that eager pride,
With thee, my THORNTON, they declin'd, they died. 10
Friend of my opening soul! whose love began
To hail thy Poet, ere he rank'd as man!
Whose praise, like dew-drops, which the early morn
Sheds with mild virtue on the vernal thorn,

Taught

Taught his young mind each swell of thought to shew, 15
 And gave the germs of fancy strength to blow !
 Dear, firm associate of his studious hour,
 Who led his idler step to Learning's bower!
 Tho' young, imparting to his giddier youth
 Thy thirst of science, and thy zeal for truth ! 20

Ye towers of Granta, where our friendship grew,
 And that pure mind expanded to my view;
 Our love fraternal let thy walls attest,
 Where Attic joys our letter'd evening blest;
 Where midnight, from the chains of sleep reliev'd, 25
 Stole on our social studies unperceiv'd !

But not, my THORNTON ! in that calm alone
 Was thy mild genius, thy warm virtue known :
 When manhood mark'd the hour for busy strife,
 And led us to the crowded maze of life, 30
 From whence to sweet retirement's soothing shade,
 Love and the Muse thy willing friend convey'd;
 Thy soul, more firm to join the struggling crowd,
 To nobler Themis toilsome homage vow'd,
 With zeal, devoting to her sacred throne 35
 A heart as uncorrupted as her own.
 Still as thy mind, with manly powers endued,
 The opening path of active life pursued,

And

And round the ripening field of business rang'd,
 Thy heart, unwarp'd, unharden'd, unestrang'd, 40
 To early friendship still retain'd its truth,
 With all the warm integrity of youth.

Whene'er affliction's force thy friend oppress,
 Thou wer't the rock on which his cares might rest;
 From thy kind words his rising hopes would own 43
 The charm of reason in affection's tone.
 Where is the soothing voice of equal power,
 To take it's anguish from the present hour?
 Beneath the pressure of a grief so just,
 The lenient aid of books in vain I trust : 50
 They, that could once the war of thought controul,
 And banish discord from the jarring soul,
 Now irritate the mind they used to heal,
 They speak too loudly of the loss I feel.

Thou faithful censor of the Poet's strain, 55
 No more shalt thou his sinking hope sustain,
 No more, with ardent zeal's enlivening fire,
 Call from inglorious shades his silent lyre:
 No more, as in our days of pleasure past,
 The eye of judgment o'er his labours cast; 60
 Keen to discern the blemishes, that lurk
 In the loose texture of his growing work;

Eager

Eager to praise, yet resolute to blame,

Kind to his verse, but kinder to his fame.

How may the Muse, who prosper'd by thy care, 65
 Now meet the public eye without despair?
 Now, if harsh censures on her failings pour,
 Her warmest advocate can speak no more:
 Cold are those lips, which breath'd the kind defence,
 If spleen's proud cavil strain'd her tortur'd sense; 70
 Which bade her song to public praise aspire,
 And call'd attention to her trembling lyre.
 Ah! could she now, thus petrified with grief,
 Find in some lighter lay a vain relief,
 Still must she deem such verse, if such could be, 75
 A wound to friendship, and a crime to thee;
 Profanely utter'd at this sacred time,
 When thy pale corse demands her plaintive rhyme,
 And Virtue, weeping whom she could not save,
 Calls the just mourner to thy recent grave. 80

Hail hallow'd vault! whose darksome caverns hold
 A frame, though mortal, of no common mould;
 A heart scarce sullied with a human flaw,
 Which shun'd no duty, and transgress'd no law;
 In joy still guarded, in distress serene, 85
 Thro' life a model of the golden mean,

Which

Which friendship only led him to transgress,
 Whose purer spirit sanctifies excess.

65 Pure mind! whose meekness, in thy mortal days,
 Pursuing virtue, still retir'd from praise; 90
 Nor wish'd that friendship should on marble give
 That perfect image of thy worth to live,
 Which 'twas thy aim alone to leave impress'd
 70 On the close tablet of her faithful breast.
 If now her verse against thy wish rebel, 95
 And strive to blazon, what she lov'd so well,
 Forgive the tender thought, the moral song,
 Which would thy virtues to the world prolong;
 75 That, rescued from the grave's oblivious shade,
 Their useful lustre may be still survey'd, 100
 Dear to the pensive eye of fond regret,
 As light still beaming from a sun that's set.
 Oft to our giddy Muse thy voice has taught
 80 The just ambition of poetic thought;
 Bid her bold view to latest time extend, 105
 And strive to make futurity her friend.
 If any verse, her little art can frame,
 May win the partial voice of distant fame,
 Be it the verse, whose fond ambition tries
 85 To paint thy mind in truth's unfading dyes, 110
 Tho'

'Tho' firm, yet tender, ardent, yet refin'd;
With Roman strength and Attic grace combin'd.

What tho' undeck'd with titles, power, and wealth,
Great were thy generous deeds, and done by stealth;
For thy pure bounty from obfervance stole, 115
Nor wish'd applaufe, but from thy confcious foul.
'Tho' thy plain tomb no fculptur'd form may fhew,
No boaftful witnefs of fufpected woe;
Yet heavenly fhapes, that fhun the glare of day,
To that dear fpot fhall nightly vifits pay: 120
Pale Science there fhall o'er her votary ftrew
Her flow'rs, yet moift with forrow's recent dew.
'There Charity, Compaffion's lovely child,
In ruftic notes pathetically wild,
With grateful bleffings bid thy name endure, 125
And mourn the patron of her village-poor.
E'en from the midnight fhew with mufic gay,
The foul of Beauty to thy tomb fhall ftay,
In fweet diftraction ftal from prefent mirth,
To figh unnotic'd o'er the hallow'd earth, 130
Which hides thofe lips, that glow'd with tender fire,
And fung her praifes to no common lyre:
But Friendfhip, wrapt in forrow's deepeft gloom,
Shall keep the longeft vigils at thy tomb;

Her

Her wounded breast, disdainful of relief, 135
There claims a fond præminence in grief.

Short was thy life, but ah! its thread how fine!
How pure the texture of the finish'd line!
What tho' thy opening manhood could not gain
Those late rewards, maturer toils attain; 140
Hope's firmest promises 'twas thine to raise,
That merit's brightest meed would grace thy lengthen'd
days;

For thine were Judgment's patient powers, to draw
Entangled justice from the nets of law;
Thine firm Integrity, whose language clear 145
Ne'er swell'd with arrogance, or shook with fear.
Reason's mild power, unvex'd by mental strife,
Sway'd the calm current of thy useful life;
Whose even course was in no season lost,
Nor rough with storms, nor stagnated by frost. 150
In scenes of public toil, or social ease,
'Twas thine by firm sincerity to please;
Sweet as the breath of spring thy converse flow'd,
As summer's noon-tide warmth thy friendship glow'd.
O'er thy mild manners, by no art constrain'd, 155
A pensive, pleasing melancholy reign'd,
Which won regard, and charm'd th' attentive eye,
Like the soft lustre of an evening sky:

Yet

Yet if perchance excited to defend
 The injur'd merit of an absent friend, 160
 That gentle spirit, rous'd to virtuous ire,
 Indignant flash'd resentment's noble fire.

Tho' just observance in thy life may trace
 A lovely model of each moral grace,
 Thy last of days the noblest lesson taught : 165
 Severe instruction! and too dearly bought!
 Whose force from memory never can depart,
 But while it mends, must agonize the heart.
 Tho' thy shrunk nerves were destin'd to sustain
 Th' increasing horrors of slow-wasting pain; 170
 Those spirit-quenching pangs, whose base controul
 Cloud the clear temper, and exhaust the soul;
 Yet in that hour, when Death asserts his claim,
 And his strong summons shakes the conscious frame;
 When weaker minds, by frantic fear o'erthrown, 175
 Shrink in wild horror from the dread Unknown,
 Thy firmer soul, with Christian strength renew'd,
 Nor lost in languor, nor by pain subdued,
 (While thy cold grasp the hand of Friendship prest,
 And her vain aid in fault'ring accents blest) 180
 With awe, but not as Superstition's slave,
 Survey'd the gathering shadows of the grave;

And

And to thy God, in death, devoutly paid
 That calm obedience which thy life display'd.

Thou friend! yet left me of the choicer few, 185
 Whom grief's fond eyes with growing love review;
 O thou! whom mutual sorrow will incline
 To mix thy sympathetic sighs with mine;
 Still be it ours to pay, with just regret,
 At Friendship's sacred shrine our common debt! 190
 Tho' doom'd (so Heaven ordains) to see no more
 The gentle Being, whom we both deplore;
 Painting shall still, sweet soothing art! supply
 A form so precious in affection's eye.

Ah! little thought we, in that happier hour, 195
 When our gay Muse rehears'd the Pencil's power;
 To mourn that form in cold obstruction laid,
 And see him only by the Pencil's aid!
 Blest be that pencil, every art be blest,
 That stamps his image deeper on our breast! 200

Oft let us loiter on his favourite hill,
 Whose shades the sadly-pleasing thought infill;
 Recount his kindness, as we fondly rove,
 And meet his spirit in the lonely grove.
 At evening's pensive hour, or opening day, 205
 He yet shall seem the partner of our way.
 Blest

Blest Spirit! still thro' fancy's ear impart
 The calm of virtue to the troubled heart!
 Correct each fordid view, each vain desire,
 And touch the mortal with celestial fire!
 So may we still, in this dark scene of earth,
 Hold sweet communion with thy living worth;
 And while our purer thoughts thy merit scan,
 Revere the Angel, as we lov'd the Man.

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End of the Epistle to a Friend.

O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S

AUTHOR OF

"The State of English and Foreign Prisons."

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INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF

"The State of English and Foreign Prisons."

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O D E, &c.

FAVRITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!

Philanthropy, benignant Power!

Whose sons display no doubtful worth,

The pageant of the passing hour!

Teach me to paint, in deathless song,

Some darling from thy filial throng,

Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,

But fill th' agreeing world with one desire,

To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre !

Ah! whither lead'st thou? whence that sigh?

What found of woe my bosom jars?

Why pass, where Misery's hollow eye

Glazes wildly thro' those gloomy bars?

Is Virtue sunk in these abodes,
 Where keen Remorse the heart corrodes;
 Where Guilt's base blood with frenzy boils,
 And Blasphemy the mournful scene embroils?—
 From this infernal gloom my shudd'ring soul recoils.

But whence those sudden sacred beams?
 Oppression drops his iron rod!
 And all the bright'ning dungeon seems
 To speak the presence of a God.
 Philanthropy's descending ray
 Diffuses unexpected day!
 Loveliest of angels!— at her side
 Her favourite votary stands;— her English pride,
 'Thro' Horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

Hail! generous HOWARD! tho' thou bear
 A name which Glory's hand sublime
 Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
 In characters that fear not Time;
 For thee she fondly spreads her wings,
 For thee from Paradise she brings,
 More verdant than her laurel bough,
 Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
 The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's* praise shall ever bloom,
 Who shielded our insulted coast;
 And launch'd his light'ning to consume
 The proud Invader's routed host.
 Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
 But thou deriv'st thy matchless fame
 From scenes, where deadlier danger dwells;
 Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
 Valour's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

Where in the dungeon's loathsome shade,
 The speechless Captive clanks his chain,
 With heartless hope to raise that aid
 His feeble cries have call'd in vain:
 Thine eye is dumb complaint explores;
 Thy voice his parting breath restores;
 Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
 From Death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
 And to his thankful soul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or stronger Charm,
 Thy constant fortitude inspires
 In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
 Med'cine†, with selfish dread, retires?

Nor

* CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Nottingham.

† Musabat tacito Medicina timore. LUCRETIVS.

Nor Charm, nor Drug, dispel thy fears :
 Temperance, thy better guard, appears :
 For thee I see her fondly fill
 Her crystal cup from Nature's purest rill ;
 Chief nourisher of life ! best antidote of ill !

I see the hallow'd shade of HALES *,
 Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
 And taught the health-diffusing gales
 Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
 As thy protecting angel wait,
 To save thee from the snares of Fate,

Commission'd

* STEPHEN HALES, minister of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been justly called "An ornament to his profession, as a clergyman, and to his country, as a philosopher." I had the happiness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the season improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn;—from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.

Commission'd from the Eternal Throne:

I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own;

Thy soul supplies new funds of health
That fail not, in thy trying hour,
Above Arabia's spicy wealth
And Pharmacy's reviving power.
The transports of the generous mind,
Feeling its bounty to mankind,
Inspirit every mortal part;
And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the heart.

Blest HOWARD! who like thee can feel
This vital spring in all its force?
New star of philanthropic zeal;
Enlight'ning nations in thy course!
And shedding Comfort's heavenly dew
On meagre Want's deserted crew!
Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
Who feels stern Justice, in his famish'd frame,
A persecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

Authority!

Authority! unfeeling power,
 Whose iron heart can coldly doom
 The Debtor, drag'd from Pleasure's bower,
 To sicken in the dungeon's gloom!
 O might thy terror-striking call,
 Profusion's sons alone intrall!
 But thou canst Want with Guilt confound:
 Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil surround,
 Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound,

How savage are thy stern decrees?
 Thy cruel minister I see
 A weak, laborious victim seize,
 By worth entitled to be free!
 Behold, in the afflicting strife,
 The faithful partner of his life,
 In vain thy ruthless servant court,
 To spare her little children's sole support
 Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their sport.

Nor weeps she only from the thought,
 Those infants must no longer share
 His aid, whose daily labour bought
 The pittance of their scanty fare.
 The horrors of the loathsome jail
 Her inly-bleeding heart assail:

E'en now her fears, from fondleſs bred,
 See the loſt partner of her faithful bed
 Drop, in that murd'rous ſcene, his pale, expiring head.

Take comfort yet in theſe keen pains,
 Fond mourner! check thy guiſhing tears!
 The dungeon now no more contains
 Thoſe perils which thy fancy fears:
 No more Contagion's baleful breath
 Speaks it the hideous cave of Death:
 HOWARD has planted ſafety there;
 Pure miniſter of light! his heavenly care
 Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

His Care, exulting BRITAIN found
 Here firſt diſplay'd, not here confin'd!
 No ſingle tract of earth could bound
 The active virtues of his mind.
 To all the lands, where'er the tear,
 That mourn'd the Priſoner's wrongs ſevere,
 Sad Pity's glist'ning cheek impearl'd,
 Eager he ſteer'd, with every ſail unfurl'd,
 A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

Ye

Ye nations thro' whose fair domain
 Our flying sons of joy have past,
 By Pleasure driven with loosen'd rein,
 Astonish'd that they flew so fast !
 How did the heart-improving sight
 Awake your wonder and delight,
 When, in her unexampled chace,
 Philanthropy outstript keen Pleasure's pace,
 When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race !

Where'er her generous Briton went,
 Princes his supplicants became :
 He seem'd the enquiring angel, sent
 To scrutinize their secret shame*.
 Captivity, where he appear'd,
 Her languid head with transport rear'd ;
 And gazing on her godlike guest,
 Like those of old, whom Heaven's pure servant blest
 E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispossess'd.

* I am credibly informed that several Princes, or at least persons in authority, requested Mr. Howard not to publish a minute account of some prisons, which reflected disgrace on their government.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
 Seeing their patron pass along;
 "O! who is he, whose daring eye
 Can search into our hidden wrong?
 What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
 With royal bounty unconfin'd,
 Has tempted Freedom's son to share
 These perils; searching with an angel's care
 Each cell of dire Disease, each cavern of Despair?"

No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
 Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
 Nor ample power, that sacred trust!
 His life-diffusing toils inspire:
 Rous'd by no voice, save that whose cries
 Internal bid the soul arise
 From joys, that only seem to bless,
 From low pursuits, which little minds possess,
 To Nature's noblest aim, the Succour of Distress!

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
 Who his celestial throne resign'd,
 To free the prison of the globe
 From vice, th' oppressor of the mind!

For

For thee, of misery's rights bereft,
 For thee, Captivity! he left
 Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
 Bade him with smiles his golden hours employ
 In her delicious bower, the festive scene of joy!

While to thy virtue's utmost scope
 I boldly strive my aim to raise
 As high as mortal hand may hope
 To shoot the glittering * shaft of Praise!
 Say! HOWARD, say! what may the Muse,
 Whose melting eye thy merit views,
 What guerdon may her love design?
 What may she ask for thee, from Power Divine,
 Above the rich rewards which are already thine?

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
 Her light on philosophic thought;
 When Genius, with keen ardour, springs
 To clasp the lovely truth he sought:

* ἀνδρα δ' ἐγὼ κείνον
 Αἰνῆσαι μεικνῶν, ἐλπομαι
 Μὴ χαλκαπαραιὸν ἀκοῦθ' ὥσει τ' ἀγν-
 νος βαλεῖν ἐξω παλαμα δονεῶν.

PINDAR.

Sweet

Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre;
 When Liberty and Virtue roll
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
 That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
 Feels Consolation's lenient hand
 Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
 With Friendship's life-supporting band!
 And sweeter still, and far above
 These fainter joys, when purest Love
 The soul his willing captive keeps!
 When he in bliss the melting spirit sleeps,
 Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he weeps!

But not the brightest joy, which Arts,
 In floods of mental light, bestow;
 Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
 Blest antidote of bitterest woe!
 Nor those that Love's sweet hours dispense,
 Can equal the ecstatic sense,
 When, swelling to a fond excess,
 The grateful praises of reliev'd distress,
 Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of Bounty blest.

These

These transports, in no common state,
 Supremely pure, sublimely strong,
 Above the reach of envious fate,
 Blest HOWARD! these to thee belong:
 While years encreasing o'er thee roll,
 Long may the sunshine of thy soul
 New vigour to thy frame convey!
 Its radiance thro' thy noon of life display,
 And with serenest light, adorn thy closing day!

And when the Power, who joys to save,
 Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven;
 And calls the prisoners of the grave
 To all the liberty of Heaven:
 In that bright day, whose wonders blind
 The eye of the astonish'd mind;
 When life's glad angel shall resume
 His ancient sway, announce to Death his doom,
 And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb:

In that blest hour, when Seraphs sing
 The triumphs gain'd in human strife;
 And to their new associates bring
 The wreaths of everlasting life:

May'n

(III)

May'st thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praise,
With those who lead the angelic van,
Those pure adherence to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miseries of Man !

F I N I S.

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